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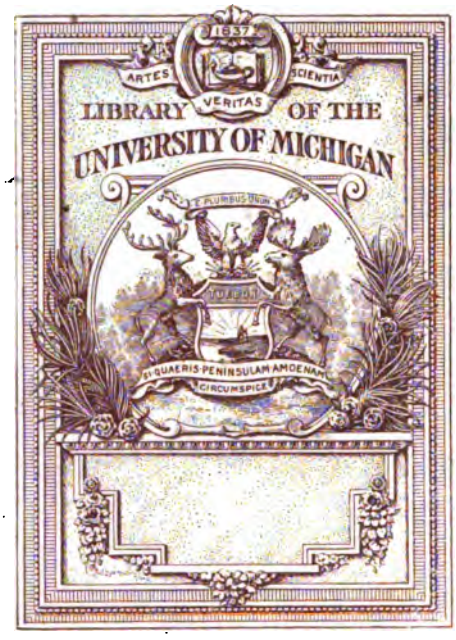
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MASTERS IN MUSIC

VOLUME FOUR

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

VOLUME FOUR

EDITED BY
DANIEL GREGORY MASON

ROSSINI · DVOŘÁK
SCHUBERT I · SCHUBERT II
TSCHAÏKOWSKY
BACH

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MASTERS IN MUSIC: VOLUME FOUR

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

ROSSINI

BORN 1792: DIED 1868

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI

Rossini's fat and rather heavy face revealed unmistakably the indolence and luxuriousness of his physical nature. Yet there was wit in the firm, tightly-closed mouth and perception in the keen eyes. Rossini was portly in figure and of urbane manners. This portrait is reproduced from a lithograph in the collection of Mr. Constantine Weikert, with his kind permission.

GIOACCHINO

ROSSINI

BORN 1792: DIED 1868

FASHIONS in operatic music change apace; the idiom of one generation sounds antiquated and old-fashioned to the next; and the reputations of composers, in turn, wax and wane with surprising rapidity. Rossini, who fifty years ago was one of the brightest stars of the operatic firmament, has now faded to a comparatively low magnitude, and is known chiefly by 'The Barber of Seville' and 'William Tell,' put on the stage from time to time to fill up evenings not devoted to Wagner. The rapid waning of Rossini is perhaps partly due to the exaggerated interest at present taken in German opera; it is likely that this enthusiasm will wane too, and taste reach a better balance; but Rossini's failure to retain his popularity is also partly due to shortcomings in himself. Like all men who aim at an immediate success, who condescend to employ the methods that appeal directly and overwhelmingly to the great public, he went up like a rocket only to fall like a stick. His style was too obvious, his substance too thin; he aimed chiefly to please or tickle his public, and so superficial a pleasure as mere titillation affords is quickly succeeded by indifference or boredom. The public soon became familiar with all Rossini's clap-trap effects, his sensational climaxes, his ornaments and graces and tinsel decorations, and passed him by to enjoy something a little less obvious and empty. Nevertheless, in spite of all his meretriciousness, there was a vein of genuine humor in his dramatic sense, a real genius for vigorous melody hidden beneath his fondness for bric-à-brac; and 'The Barber of Seville' is in itself enough to inspire our interest in its composer for many years yet to come, even if his more pompous and ambitious efforts have pretty well collapsed.

Gioacchino Rossini (pronounced Jo-a-keeno Rōs-see'-ny) was born at Pesaro, a small town on the Adriatic, on February 29, 1792. His parents were of humble origin but efficient and firm character. The father was town-trumpeter or crier, and inspector of slaughter-houses; and a man of such strong republican sympathies that soon after the passage of the victorious French army through Pesaro in 1796 he was arrested and

imprisoned for sentiments expressed on that occasion. The mother, a baker's daughter, had a fine voice which at this time stood her in good stead. She supported her four-year-old boy by joining a traveling opera troupe. Her husband, as soon as he was released from prison, joined them, becoming horn-player in the theater orchestra. The young Gioacchino was taught to play the second horn. His musical aptitude appeared so remarkable, however, that his father soon decided upon giving him more thorough instruction; he was placed for a while under one Tesei, in Bologna, studying singing and the piano; then enrolled at the musical lyceum of the same city, learning counterpoint from Mattei and violoncello from Cavedagni. On August 8, 1808, the sixteen-year-old boy had an original cantata performed; and he was at this time already the composer of an opera, 'Demetrio e Polibio.'

Like many young men of talent, Rossini found his teacher's methods pedantic and slow, and sought out means of more rapidly achieving his education. He hit upon the best plan he could possibly have devised,—the rescoring, or copying out in full score from the separate instrumental "parts," of the quartets and symphonies of Haydn and Mozart. So well did Rossini prosecute this work that by the time he was eighteen he had a good command of all simple harmonic texture, and an adequate mastery of form—in a word, a fairly flexible and reliable technique as a composer. Not very thoroughly trained in the methods of scholastic counterpoint, he yet had a perfectly serviceable equipment for the work it was his to do. He returned to Pesaro, and began his active career by writing for performance in Venice, a one-act opera bouffe called 'La Cambiale di Matrimonio.' This was successfully performed in 1810.

Once satisfactorily launched, Rossini went on composing with a rapidity almost marvelous. Merely to enumerate the titles of his works would fill pages, and it was by no means unusual for him to write a complete opera in a month. 'The Barber of Seville' was written in less than three weeks. Such was Rossini's fertility of invention (a mental readiness oddly combined with great physical indolence) that even the following anecdote is almost credible. It is told that Rossini was on one occasion lying comfortably in bed, composing a vocal quintet. Hardly was the ink dry on the sheets when they slipped from his lap to the floor. Wishing to continue his opera, but too lazy to get out of bed, Rossini mentally consigned the first quintet to perdition, and proceeded to write a new one.

During 1811 and 1812 Rossini brought out seven operas, none of them of any importance to-day, and all light in character. In 1813, however, he wrote 'Tancredi,' in the serious style, and 'L'Italiana in Algeri,' in the the light style, both worthy works. They were performed in Venice. The year 1814 was marked by the production of 'Aureliano in Palmira,' 'Il Turco in Italia,' and 'Sigismondo,' the first two performed in Milan, the last in Venice.

Rossini was by this time, though only twenty-two years old, one of the most popular opera-composers in Italy. It was quite natural, there-

fore, that he should be sought out by ambitious "impresarios," or managers of opera-houses, to provide them with scores. He was now approached by one Domenico Barbaja with the most flattering offers. Barbaja was an odd sort of person. Of humble birth and no education, he had by his own talents raised himself from a nonentity to a wealthy and influential man. Commissioner, horse-jockey, waiter, and petty usurer, he finally became manager of the public gaming-tables in Naples, and director of no less than five theaters,—the San Carlo and the Fondo at Naples, the Scala and the Canobbiana at Milan, and the Italian Opera at Vienna. This "Napoleon of Impresarios," as he was nicknamed, offered the young Rossini, early in 1815, 11,000 francs yearly, together with 4,000 francs annual interest in the gaming-tables, if he would compose for him two operas each year, and adapt all old works that were determined upon for performance at the two Naples theaters. Rossini accepted, and went to Naples, where he quickly produced his 'Elisabetta, Regina d'Inghilterra.' The prima donna in this performance was Isabella Colbran, at that time the mistress of Barbaja, later the mistress of Rossini, and finally his wife.

In spite of his obligations to Barbaja, Rossini managed to find time for other work; and it was not for Barbaja, but for the carnival at Rome, in 1815-16, that he wrote his delightful 'Barber.' The story of its composition is interesting. On December 26, 1815, he signed a contract agreeing to produce a "comic drama," written to any libretto that should be given him; to deliver the score by the middle of January; to make all changes necessary for the singers, to direct all the rehearsals, and to play the piano part at the first three performances. For all this he received about four hundred dollars, and lodging during the period of composition in the house with one of the actors. Sterbini, the librettist, also took up his residence in the same house, and here, in a little more than two weeks, the great music-comedy was written. It was first performed at the Argentina, in Rome, on February 5, 1816.

Its reception was a curious instance of the weight that entirely extraneous circumstances will often have in determining public opinion for or against a work which it little understands. The fact that Paisiello, a veteran composer, had previously set 'The Barber of Seville' to music seems to have decided the Roman populace to consider Rossini a meddler, without respect for Paisiello or talent to emulate him. Rossini had apparently anticipated some such misunderstanding, for to the libretto of the opera he prefixed an explanatory preface, in the course of which he said: "This comedy is presented to Rome under the form of a comic drama, with the title of 'Almaviva,' with the object of fully convincing the public of the sentiments of respect and veneration which the author of the music entertains toward the celebrated Paisiello, who has already treated this subject under its original title. The master Gioacchino Rossini has expressly required that 'The Barber of Seville' be entirely versified anew, and that there shall be added several new situations. Some other differences between the contexture of the present drama and that of the French comedy

above mentioned have been required by the necessity of introducing choruses. . . . The courteous public is informed of this fact in order that it may excuse the author, who, except for the concurrence of circumstances so imperative, would not have dared to introduce the slightest change in the French work consecrated by the applause of all Europe." All this trouble proved fruitless, and the "courteous public" were anything but courteous on the occasion of the first performance of the opera destined to be eventually so popular.

The story is told at length by Zanolini, who says, in part: "The Romans went to the theater persuaded that they were going to hear detestable music, and disposed to punish an ignorant upstart. The overture was executed in the midst of a confused hubbub, the precursor of the tempest. Garcia attempted to accompany with his guitar the first air of Count Almaviva; all the strings broke at once, and then the laughs, jeers, and hisses commenced. A little while after, Don Basilio, an old singer, stumbled, fell, and bumped his nose. This was enough; laughs and hisses burst from all sides, and people would not and could not listen any longer. One person applauded, one only, and that was the composer. . . . He remained intrepid until the orchestra had all left, waiting to receive the very last insult. He was to be present at the second performance, but he found some pretext for being excused, and the directors were delighted, because they feared him at the same time that they had confidence in his music. During the second evening Rossini was conversing at home with some friends, when cries were heard in the street and many torches were seen. Messengers had been sent by the spectators assembled at the Argentina, who, carried away by their enthusiasm, were clamoring for the maestro to show himself. Rossini was carried thither in triumph."

In the course of the next eight years Rossini wrote about twenty operas, for Naples, Venice, Milan, and Vienna. 'Semiramide,' brought out in 1823 at Venice, was so coldly received that in spite of his general success Rossini resolved to leave Italy. Like most continental composers who acquire much fame but little money at home, he turned his steps to England, the Mecca of the impoverished musician, where in the course of a few months, in 1824, he managed to pick up many thousands of pounds. This money, earned by giving concerts and lessons, made the basis of his future fortune. While in London he obtained also, through the French ambassador, a most lucrative and congenial post in France, as director of the Theatre Italien at Paris. Thither he went in October, 1824. Practically all the rest of his life was spent in France, and his only important opera written after this time, 'William Tell,' was conceived and executed in accordance with French models. We may consider the Rossini of the years after 1824 as practically a Frenchman.

Rossini began his French career by transforming some of his earlier operas for the French stage, and by writing one or two new but unimportant operettas. Meanwhile he was observing his new surroundings, and with his usual deft worldliness studying the prevalent demand, in

order that he might create a suitable supply. The result of his study appeared in about five years, in the form of 'William Tell,' a grand opera in the true French style. 'Tell' was first performed August 3, 1829. In writing of it in 1891, Mr. Arthur Pougin, one of the best known of French critics, remarks: "It cannot be denied that the appearance of 'William Tell' is a luminous date in the history of music in France, that the success of this masterpiece has never diminished, and that after more than sixty years it is still as touching, as pathetic, as grand, as much respected, as in the first days of its existence. In writing it, Rossini had applied his genius to the exigencies of the French stage, as Gluck had done fifty years before." Another Frenchman, M. Gustave Choucquet, writes as follows in an article in Grove's 'Dictionary': "The spectacle of a great master at the zenith of his glory and in the very prime of life thus breaking with all the traditions of his genius, and appearing as in a second avatar, is indeed a rare and noble one. The sacrifice of all the means of effect by which his early popularity had been obtained is one which Rossini shares with Gluck and Weber, but which our former experience of his character would hardly have prepared us for. . . . What might not be expected from a composer who at thirty-seven had thus voluntarily submitted himself to the severity of French taste, and was bent upon repaying French hospitality with so magnificent a masterpiece?"

What might not have been expected, indeed? And yet from this moment, when Rossini's power may be said to have reached its culmination, and when he was in the most active decade of a man's life, he practically ceased writing entirely. Many suggestions have been hazarded to explain so extraordinary a fact, but the matter has never been cleared up quite to the satisfaction of the thoughtful. That a man of Rossini's energy and success, at thirty-seven, should suddenly stop in mid-course and devote the longer half of his life to cynicism, idleness, and luxury is almost incredible. The facts offered to explain it are ridiculously inadequate. It is true that Rossini was annoyed and inconvenienced by the abdication, in 1830, of Charles X of France, with whose government he had contracted to produce an opera every two years for a decade. It is true that he was jealous of Meyerbeer, whose fame was waxing at this time, and the success of whose 'Huguenots,' first performed in February, 1836, is said to have irritated Rossini into taking an oath that he would never again write for the French stage. It is true that Rossini had been living more and more the life of a voluptuary, and it is conceivable that this had sapped his vitality. But all these facts together hardly suffice to explain the sudden cessation of his activity as a composer after 1829.

The only considerable renewal of energy came in 1832, when he wrote the first six numbers of his 'Stabat Mater.' The last four numbers were at this time supplied by another composer, Tadolini, and it was not until some years later that Rossini completed his greatest religious work, which was first performed entire in January, 1842. For the rest, he gave himself up to the composition of graceful trifles, and to the pleasures of the

table, conviviality, and society. His first wife dying in 1845, he married, in 1847, Olympe Pelissier, a French woman who had been for some years his mistress. They lived for a while in Florence, later in Paris, and finally in a villa at Passy, near Paris. It was here that Rossini received his many artistic, literary, and musical friends during his last years; and it was here that he died, on November 13, 1868.

In character, Rossini was vivacious, witty, sensual, clever, and worldly. Perhaps a better idea of the man himself cannot be given than by quoting some passages from an old volume of Memoirs (those of Marie Henri Beyle, published in 1824), which, in spite of their old-fashioned style, paint a vivid portrait:

"Rossini has a mind all fire and vivacity, starting from subject to subject, and viewing everything in a strong, though frequently grotesque, point of view. A manner so rapid and discursive would be more astonishing than agreeable, were it not enlivened with a fund of anecdote. The everlasting restlessness of his career during twelve years, composed, as he himself has expressed it, of eternal goings and comings; his constant intercourse with singers—the most gay and thoughtless of beings—as well as his continual introductions into high and elegant society, has afforded him abundant opportunities of seeing life in all its shades and varieties."

"Rossini has the misfortune of not respecting anything but genius. He never compromises anything, he never waives his joke: so much the worse for the unhappy object of it. Being invited to the house of a certain cardinal at Rome, he was asked to sing, but first of all a page waited upon him to request he would sing as little as possible on love subjects. He immediately began to sing all sorts of low street serenades (*polissonneries*) in the Bolognese dialect, which nobody understood, then burst into a hearty laugh and changed his theme."

"Rossini's facility in composing is not one of his least extraordinary qualities. Ricordi, the principal music-seller of Italy, has said that some of the finest airs of the 'Gazza ladra' were composed, in the space of an hour, in the room at the back of his shop, in the midst of twelve or thirteen music-copiers, some of whom were dictating aloud to others the music which they wrote."

"Before his marriage with Signora Colbran, who is said to have brought him an income of twenty thousand livres, Rossini never bought but two suits of clothes a year. For the rest he had the good fortune never to think of prudence; indeed, what would be prudence in a man like him but a fear of falling off in his abilities? Rossini, secure in the resources of his genius, lived from day to day, without ever thinking of the morrow. Poverty was no affliction to him; give him but a piano and a simpleton to throw off his jokes upon, and he was happy."

We must add to these lines, which describe Rossini in his youth, a few qualifications, in order to come at a true impression of the older man who idled away his later years at Passy. In him the characters of the volup-

tuary, gourmand, and elegant trifler had developed apace. He was inordinately fond of what is perversely called "good living," and gave his name to many delicate and rich dishes. He is said to have wept but twice in his life; one of these times was when a stuffed capon that he was about to carve, at a picnic on a lake, slipped from the fork and fell overboard. His cynical humor grew upon him. In the trying years when 'William Tell,' as presented at the Paris Opera-house, was being cut down most ruthlessly, he met on one occasion the conductor, who greeted him with the information that the second act of 'Tell' was to be given that evening. "What," said Rossini, "the whole of it?" At the end of his life he spoke of himself as a fourth-rate pianist, and wrote little piano pieces with absurd titles, such as 'Valse anti-dansante' and 'Étude asthmatique.' He seems to have become a disillusioned and disappointed man; but at least he kept on his mask of brilliant and careless gaiety until the end.

THE EDITOR

THE ART OF ROSSINI

W. J. Henderson — *'How Music Developed'*

ROSSINI was not a man of musical genius, nor was he a man of profound musical learning. As soon as he had enough musical science to write a score he dropped study once and for all, and embarked upon his career as a composer. He had a keen perception of the nature of those musical means which could be employed to produce a stage effect, and wrote always with these in his mind. There is no depth, no sincerity, in the music of Rossini. It is always theatrical and full of imposition. Perhaps the most heartless music ever written for an opera by a man of real talent is that of 'Semiramide.' Hardly an air in it will stand the test of comparison with its own text, and the manner in which a plotting priest, supposed to be a dark and mysterious villain, goes about expressing his desperate soul through trills and scales is almost ridiculous. Yet 'Semiramide' is full of melody, and it contains musical effects which were new and striking at the time of its production. The employment of four horns together with clarinets in the finale, for instance, was an innovation.

Rossini must be credited with several improvements, although he wrote for the singer, and his 'Semiramide' is a survival of the style of opera produced in Handel's day. In his 'Otello' he abandoned the old *recitativo secco*[1] and produced an opera with *recitativo stromentato* throughout. He enriched the instrumentation greatly, largely through his employment of the horns. He was a fine horn-player himself. He introduced

[1] *Recitativo secco* has but a few plain chords as accompaniment; *recitativo stromentato* has a full and elaborate orchestral accompaniment. — EDITOR

the use of long crescendos, and the cabaletta—a quick movement to follow a slow cantabile aria. Rossini also tried to abolish the custom of permitting singers to make their own ornamental cadenzas, insisting that he could write good ones and that singers must use them. The most important of all these improvements was the abandonment of *recitativo secco.* While all other composers did not at once follow his lead, the superiority of operas containing only *recitativo stromentato* gradually became clear, and *recitativo secco* almost disappeared. It is written by composers of to-day only in brief passages.

Rossini's 'Barber of Seville' is a genuinely good example of opera bouffe It is full of melody and it sparkles with vivacity. 'William Tell' is a melodious, fluent, and in places really eloquent piece of dramatic composition. It is fine enough to make one regret that Rossini, who finished his life under the influence of French dramatic theories, did not again write for the stage. The popularity of Rossini's operas in the first three quarters of the nineteenth century was enormous. At one time it seemed as if all the bands and half the pianos in Europe were playing 'Di tanti regi.' His works preserved all the essential elements of the Neapolitan school founded by Alessandro Scarlatti, of whom Rossini and his immediate Italian successors were artistic descendants.

W. F. Apthorp *'The Opera, Past and Present'*

WHAT Rossini chiefly did was to perpetuate far into the nineteenth century, and with immense genius, too, every deplorable vice the opera had contracted in its Venetian and Neapolitan periods. True, he dressed up these vices, with inexhaustible originality, in a new garb, but he did not cure them of their deformity. The opera bouffe was a thing too much after his own heart for him not to enter naturally and sympathetically into its spirit; but in grand opera he let all dramatic and scenic considerations go hang with a reckless insouciance that seeks its fellow, and played into the virtuoso singer's hand with a frankness that left nothing to be desired. A man of the most fertile melodic inventiveness, of incomparable brilliancy, gifted with a facility that can fairly be called damnable, Rossini enthroned graceful Frivolity in the center of the lyric stage to rule autocratically over singers and orchestra. . . .

It was in opera bouffe that Rossini was most royally at home and did his greatest work. Of the delicate Mozartian subtlety he had little; he laid on the colors thicker. But the true comic verve he had to perfection; a deal of what the French call *malice*, too; Offenbach himself is not cuter. The sparkle of his melodies, the overbrimming humor of his recitatives, the brilliancy of his orchestra, with the champagne-fizzing of its violin triplets and the irresistible dash of its crescendo, all place him in the very foremost rank of buffo composers. With all his faults, he was the greatest musical genius Italy had produced since Alessandro Scarlatti.

R. A. Streatfield *'The Opera'*

WHILE Weber was reconstructing opera in Germany and laying the foundation upon which the vast structure of modern lyrical drama was afterwards reared by the composers of our own day, reforms, or at any rate innovations, were being introduced into Italian opera by a musician scarcely less gifted even than the founder of the Romantic school himself. Rossini owed but little of his fame to instruction or study. As soon as he had been assured by his master that he knew enough of the grammar of music to write an opera, he relinquished his studies once for all, and started life as a composer. In this, perhaps, he showed his wisdom, for his natural gifts were of such a nature as could scarcely have been enhanced by erudition, and the mission which he so amply fulfilled in freeing his national art from eighteenth-century convention was certainly not one which depended upon a profound knowledge of counterpoint. Nature had fortunately endowed him with precisely the equipment necessary for the man who was to reform Italian opera. The school of Paisiello, notwithstanding its many merits, had several grievous weaknesses, of which the most prominent were uniformity of melodic type, nerveless and conventional orchestration, and intolerable prolixity. Rossini brought to his task a vein of melody as inexhaustible in inspiration as it was novel in form, a natural instinct for instrumental color, and a firm conviction that brevity was the soul of wit. He leaped into fame with 'Tancredi,' which was produced in 1813, and established his reputation as a composer of grand opera. In opera bouffe, a field in which his talents shone even more brilliantly, his earliest success was made with 'L'Italiana in Algeri' (1813), which was followed in 1815 by the world-famous 'Barber of Seville.' This was originally produced in Rome under the name of 'Almaviva,' and, strangely enough, proved an emphatic failure. For this, however, the music was scarcely responsible. The people of Rome were at that time devoted to the music of Paisiello, and resented the impertinence of the upstart Rossini in venturing to borrow a subject which had already been treated by the older master. 'The Barber of Seville' soon recovered from the shock of its unfriendly reception, and is now one of the very few of Rossini's works which have survived. . . . The music is a delightful example of Rossini in his gayest and merriest mood. It sparkles with wit and fancy, and is happily free from those concessions to the vanity or idiosyncrasy of individual singers which do so much to render his music tedious to modern ears. Of Rossini's lighter work, 'The Barber of Seville' is certainly the most popular, though, musically speaking, it is perhaps not superior to 'La Gazza ladra,' which, however, is saddled with an idiotic libretto. None of his tragic operas except 'William Tell,' which belongs to a later period, has retained its hold upon the affections of the public. . . .

'William Tell' is not only indisputably Rossini's finest work, but it also gives convincing proof of the plasticity of the composer's genius. Accustomed as he had been for many years to turning out Italian operas

by the score—graceful trifles enough, but too often flimsy and conventional—it says much for the character of the man that, when the occasion arrived, he could attack such a subject as that of 'Tell' with the proper seriousness and reserve. He took what was best in the style and tradition of French opera and welded it to the thoroughly Italian fabric with which he was familiar. He put aside the excessive ornamentation with which his earlier works had been overladen and treated the voices with a simplicity and dignity thoroughly in keeping with the subject. The choral and instrumental parts of the opera are particularly important; the latter especially have a color and variety which may be considered to have had a large share in forming the taste for delicate orchestral effects for which modern French composers are famous.

The Editor *General Summary*

IN the work of Rossini we are able to trace with unusual accuracy and certainty the two factors that invariably enter into all artistic work, but that are not always easily separable. These two factors are the inherited style, or mode of expression, and the personal temperament. Every artist inherits a style, a way of expressing himself, a special dialect in which he has to talk, just as inevitably as every infant inherits the mother tongue. The artist can no more elude the influences of his forerunners in art, even if he desire to do so, than a child of English parents can of his own volition express himself in French. Certain ways of doing things, certain technical methods, certain peculiarities of idiom, are absorbed by him as unconsciously, as irresistibly, as his native air, his mother's milk, or the social habits and customs of his country. But all these inherited tools, on the other hand, are used by him in a certain unique way of his own; for all his heredity, he is still an individual; and however dependent he may be for his medium of expression on the current idiom, he still chooses and combines the phrases of that idiom in special ways dictated by his own taste and feeling, so that no one could confuse his utterance with that of any one else. Here is one of the perennial, one of the bewildering, one of the fascinating paradoxes of art—that no man's art is self-determined or in any strict sense original, yet each man's art is after all unmistakably personal, obviously unique. The vocabulary is common to us all, but any given sentence is not *ours*, but *mine*, or *yours*, or *his:* our tools we must take from the one general chest, the property of all; but each of us uses them after his own peculiar fashion, carving out with them what no one but he could make.

These two elements enter into the work of every man. They enter into the music of every composer. Sometimes, as in the case of Mozart for instance, the inherited equipment seems the chief factor of success, and the personal contribution is merely the patience, skill, and devotion to perfect it to the utmost. In other cases, as for example that of Purcell,

the individual genius is great, but the environment is unfavorable, and it reaches but a partial fruition. In the majority of cases, fortunately, inheritance and genius seem happily correlated, and great art is the offspring of the marriage.

This was the case with Rossini, so far as the happy correlation is concerned; though it is questionable whether either the style he inherited or the power he brought to its utilization were noble enough to make his art quite what could be called great.

His inheritance was, briefly, the Italian opera style as stamped by the Neapolitan school under Alessandro Scarlatti. Its chief traits were melodic grace, amenity, beauty of curve, precision, symmetry; harmonic simplicity, reaching at times baldness; regard for the effects of the voice above all else, for purity of tone and dexterity in singing above sincerity, or dramatic truth, or congruity, or musical beauty; the conception of an opera as a string of pieces, a sort of concert in costume, rather than as a drama in which probability, propriety, and truth to life were worthy of consideration. The great advantage of this type of opera, launched by Scarlatti, was that dramatic considerations were not allowed to interfere with musical requirements, and very solid, simple, and beautiful musical forms were developed. Its great disadvantages were the abuse of the prominence of vocalization in it by vain and silly singers, and its utter ridiculousness when considered as a representation of human life.

Rossini, born into this musical atmosphere, began forthwith to breathe it with a gusto that could leave no doubt as to what manner of lungs he had. Up to a certain point, indeed, and within well-marked limitations, he had just the feeling for musical beauty which fitted him to write arias in the time-honored form. "Deep Shaded Forest" is an especially well-favored representative of a type of melody found everywhere in Italian opera. It is warm, pleasant, gracious, but obvious and by no means profound. "Pretty" is the word for it. Rossini wrote hundreds of such pretty tunes, and was in so far a meritorious practitioner of Italian music. He was Italian enough, too, though less meritorious, in his ornamentation of these pretty tunes to suit the popular taste. It was the day of the singer, and Rossini played into the singer's hand with almost servile worldliness. Here his lack of idealism as a man, his indolence, his easy cynicism, exercised its demoralizing effect on his art. Instead of striving to make conditions better, he wrote simply for popularity. The result was that, as Mr. Apthorp says, he "ran every form of vocal ornamentation into the ground," and after him there was a strong reaction to simpler and more sincere methods.

Gay, superficial, clever with the cleverness of the man of the world, Rossini took the color of his age like an accomplished chameleon. He gave people exactly what they wanted, and they gave him enormous acclamation in return. After a while they tired of an art so glittering and so vacant, and swarmed to other sweets. Rossini's serious work is fast becoming obsolete. When a man of his type tries to be serious he is

bombastic, grandiloquent; he struts and poses; and his audience eventually grows tired. In less pretentious or ambitious moods he is far better. When he writes comedy he writes himself, with all his half-playful satire, his amusement at the worldliness in others with which his own mind is so well acquainted. The Rossini of the 'Barber' will live and give delight long after the Rossini of 'William Tell' is musty and archaic. For Rossini's humor, at least, is genuine, as his vivacity is untiring and his wit inexhaustible. In 'The Barber of Seville' he has written music that has the coarse, strong flavor and the colloquial accent of life itself.

THE WORKS OF ROSSINI

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

I. "Deep Shaded Forest" — *From 'William Tell'*

'WILLIAM TELL,' first produced in Paris, August 3, 1829, is Rossini's masterpiece in the domain of serious opera. In it he abandons for the time being that vivacious comedy style of which he was peculiarly a master, to write with sentiment and dramatic vigor in the "grand style."

The plot of 'Tell' is involved and diffuse. It is based on legendary occurrences in Switzerland in the thirteenth century. It is essentially a drama of the struggle between Gessler, a tyrant, and the Swiss people over whom he tyrannizes; its main incidents are the pursuit by Gessler's troops of Leutold, a herdsman, who has killed one of Gessler's men for attempting an outrage upon his daughter; his protection by William Tell; Tell's feat of shooting an apple from the head of his son at the command of Gessler; and Tell's rescue from prison by Arnold, who, in spite of his love for Mathilda, daughter of Gessler, is loyal to the cause of the people. The whole story is, from a literary point of view, a farrago, a scrap-bag; but it answers well enough for an opera libretto.

The second act of the opera opens with an Alpine chorus of huntsmen and shepherds, who, at dusk, sing together in the darkening forest. The village bells are heard in the distance. Finally, after the people disperse and nightfall comes, Mathilda holds vigil while waiting for the arrival of her lover. It is now that she sings the quiet and beautiful aria, "Deep Shaded Forest."

Rossini here appears in a tranquil, gracious, half-meditative mood rather rare with him. As a rule, the sentimental portions of his operas are the least successful of all; he is better in the brisk, the comic, or the agitated style. But here all is grace, fluency, amenity. The harmony is simple but warm; the rhythm swaying, persuasive; the melody itself, in spite of a certain amount of the ornamentation that Rossini is so unable to resist, is forthright, direct, sincere. Notice the felicity of the suggestion of the

echo mentioned in the text of the chorus, both by the melody at the top of page 18, and by the accompanying chords in the third system on that page, a group of six, forte, being answered by a similar group, pianissimo.

Rossini mars even this lovely song with some of his usual mannerisms. He never seems content to end a piece, for instance, without two or three repetitions of the closing phrases, which often become very tedious: here we have the rather cheaply dramatic phrase embodying the descending series of diminished seventh chords (top of page 20) repeated literally. There is also, of course, the unescapable vocal cadenza before the last cadence. But in spite of these meretricious elements, "Deep Shaded Forest" is a most graceful, charming song.

II. "Cujus Animam" *From the 'Stabat Mater'*

ROSSINI'S marvelously popular setting of the 'Stabat Mater' was composed for the most part in 1832, though in 1841 three numbers were added to complete it. It was first performed in 1842. It gave rise at once to a great deal of controversy, which has gone on with abating and reviving energy ever since. One class of critics anathematized it as a departure from the true old severe sacred style; it was operatic, frivolous, saccharine, sensual. They weighed it by comparison with the earlier settings of the 'Stabat Mater' by Josquin des Près, Palestrina, and others, and found it sadly lacking in earnestness, in dignity. Another class professed to rejoice in its spontaneous art, its flowing melodiousness, its rhythmic allurement. "Why," they said, "should religious music always be austere, repellent? Why should it not be as full of melody and of life as the songs and popular dances of secular art?" So brilliant a pleader as Heinrich Heine promptly on the appearance of the work devoted his eloquence to defending it from "the grievous complaints of some dull and tedious critics, who, if they do not designedly affect an outrageous spiritualism, have at least appropriated to themselves by barren studies very circumscribed and very erroneous notions on the subject of sacred music."

Over against Heine's opinion we may place one which is to be found in the most admirably accurate and scholarly of recent books on church music, Mr. Edward Dickinson's 'Music in the History of the Western Church.' "The most celebrated surviving example," says Mr. Dickinson, "of the consequences to which the virtuoso tendencies in church music must inevitably lead when unchecked by a truly pious criticism is Rossini's 'Stabat Mater.' This frivolous work is frequently performed with great *éclat* in Catholic places of worship, as though the clergy were indifferent to the almost incredible levity which could clothe the heart-breaking pathos of Jacopone's immortal hymn with strains better suited to the sprightly abandon of opera bouffe."

There is doubtless some truth in each of these contradictory verdicts; and it is easy to point out in the "Cujus Animam," which is perhaps the

most popular single number in the 'Stabat Mater,' genuine merits and flagrant defects. To take the defects first: the general triviality of the tone of this piece cannot but be obvious to any one who will compare it with any religious song possessing real dignity—Mendelssohn's "If With All Your Hearts," for example, to be found in Part IV. of MASTERS IN MUSIC. Rossini's air is jerky, obvious, conceived and executed in the true hand-organ style of Italian melody. His harmony is emasculate and sentimental, as for example in the flatting of the F in the fourth system on page 22. His accompaniment seems suited to be twanged out on a banjo rather than pealed forth by the organ. His climax is feverish, melodramatic, the voice rising by semitones to the high B double-flat. And the voice part ends with a flourish totally at variance with simple religious emotion.

Yet, on the other hand, something may be said in favor of the methods which have made this song so extraordinarily popular. Its form, in the first place, is concise and lucid. It is the familiar "three-part song-form," the stanza of contrast coming in at "Lo, my spirit fails within me," and the repetition of the first part at page 25. Again, the melody, for all its baldness and triviality, has character, individuality, persuasiveness. It is memorable, ingratiating, not easily forgotten. Furthermore, the expression of the whole is effective though wholly devoid of subtlety; it excites the emotions, though it does not cultivate or refine them. Finally, the whole has the true Rossini fluency. It is so easy, so natural, so unlabored, that it almost sings and plays itself.

III. "There 's a Voice that I Enshrine" *From 'The Barber of Seville'*

HE Barber of Seville,' Rossini's greatest triumph in the field of light opera, if not indeed his masterpiece in any field, pronounced by Mr. W. F. Apthorp "the most sparkling opera bouffe ever written, if not the greatest," was composed to a libretto of Sterbini, founded on Beaumarchais's delightful comedy, 'Le Barbier de Séville,' and first produced at Rome, February 5, 1816. It was composed in less than three weeks—an astonishing instance of Rossini's fertility and facility. It is quite unique and inimitable in its gaiety, sprightliness, verve, and sly humor. "Perhaps," says Mr. Apthorp, "of Rossini's whole bag and baggage, this 'Barber' is the one opera that is destined to live into this century; in it he shows himself at his very best. . . . It may fairly be called immortal; its brilliance has certainly suffered no tarnish yet."

There are many reasons that might be assigned for the greatness of the 'Barber.' It might be pointed out, for instance, that Rossini's superficiality of character, a disadvantage to him when he attempted serious music, tended to aid the impression of bubbling, sparkling vivacity requisite to the lighter type. It might be insisted that the popular taste, which in his day demanded clap-trap effects in grand opera, was not so prejudicial to opera bouffe. "If," says Mr. Arthur Elson in his 'Critical

History of Opera,' "the gay, pleasure-loving character of the Italian public prevented them from rising to a true appreciation of the grandeur of tragedy, it enabled them all the more fully to enter into the rollicking mirth of comedy." Finally, the 'Barber' certainly owes much of its success to its masterly libretto. Instead of the weak, sentimental, improbable, and formless medley which is generally selected by operatic composers as a peg to hang their airs on, here is a vivid, vigorous, genuinely imaginative and satirical comedy, built around a character—Figaro, the village barber and busybody—not unworthy of comparison with Falstaff himself. The story is simple enough: Rosina, jealously imprisoned by her guardian, Dr. Bartolo, who plans to marry her, falls in love with Count Almaviva, who, in spite of Bartolo's precautions, makes his way into the latter's house under various disguises and with the help of the crafty Figaro, and finally wins the hand of the lady and the unwilling consent of her outwitted guardian. The humor is in the penetration into character, the management of situations, the briskness of the action, and the wit of the dialogue. It is a high tribute to Rossini's music to say that it never falls behind its opportunities.

"There's a Voice that I Enshrine" is the cavatina sung by Rosina in the second scene of the first act as she meditates upon her lover, Count Almaviva, whom at this time she knows only under the assumed name of Lindoro. It begins with a quiet, gracious melody, not unlike that of "Deep Shaded Forest," though somewhat more decorated. With the Allegro Moderato enters a more florid section, in which, with much vocal gymnastic, the naïve Rosina explains to the audience (in true Italian opera fashion) that though she is "all gentleness, all devotion, humble, obedient, all soft emotion," yet, if you cross her, she will "like any viper turn;" "a thousand tricks I'll play," she confesses, "but I will have my way," and adds her ultimatum: "This all must learn." As she dwells on these pleasing thoughts, again in true Italian opera fashion, for a space of five pages, we end with a fully matured conviction that she belongs to the class of heroines to be labelled "Fascinating but dangerous." Her melody may be put in the same category: it is fascinating in the mouth of an expert, dangerous for a neophyte. The last page of it illustrates that insistent, monotonous repetition of a closing phrase which already has been mentioned as a mannerism of Rossini.

IV. "Lo the Factotum!" *From 'The Barber of Seville'*

THIS cavatina, with which Figaro makes his entrance in the first act, is one of Rossini's most famous creations, and certainly exemplifies the essence of his genius as a composer. Its energy is unflagging, its humor unstrained, its characterization various and always successful. Its merits are chiefly dramatic; from the purely musical point of view it is rather trite—its melody bald and monotonous, its harmony hardly more than an endless reiteration of the tonic and dominant chords, its rhythm vigorous but

devoid of subtlety. But its enormous spirit, its dramatic effectiveness, quite atone for its musical shortcomings; and there is no doubt that it deserves its perennial success.

Rossini was doubtless helped to his inspiration here by the verses he had to set. "The librettist," says one of Rossini's biographers, "was in a happy vein that morning, and thought he had overwritten himself. He told Rossini to take what verses suited him and throw the rest aside. Rossini took them all and set them to rapid, elastic, light-hearted melody, which at once stamps the character of Figaro." It is difficult to point out particular places in a composition so uniformly spirited, but perhaps the unaccompanied reiteration of "Figaro, Figaro, Figaro, Figaro," followed by the sudden modulation to A-flat, is worthy of special mention for its daring and for its brilliant success. The whole song is a masterpiece of headlong animation and irresistible comedy. Whatever one may think of Rossini's status as a serious composer, it is impossible, in the face of such a composition as this, to deny him a very high place among the masters of opera bouffe.

THE WORKS OF ROSSINI

I. CHORAL. SECULAR. Rossini wrote over thirty operas, serious, comic, and farcical. His masterpiece in the *buffa* or comic style was 'The Barber of Seville' (1816); in the *seria* style, 'William Tell' (1829) was his greatest. Of the remaining operas the best-known are 'Tancredi' (1813), 'Otello' (1816), and 'Semiramide' (1823). SACRED. Oratorios and cantatas. Seventeen works, of large proportions, but now entirely obsolete. The 'Stabat Mater,' first heard in 1841, and the 'Petite Messe Solonelle' (1864), are of more importance, being popular to this day. He wrote various other small sacred works.

II. VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. Various duets, ariettas, etc., and about forty single songs. Five string quartets, and many fugitive piano pieces.

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I. "DEEP SHADED FOREST"

FROM 'WILLIAM TELL'

Andantino.
p
pp
f
MATILDA
Deep - sha-ded for - est, so lone and for - sa - ken,
how to my soul is thy sol - i - tude dear! where waves the
pine, by the storm - y blast sha - ken. there my se - cret

there my se - cret let me breathe free from fear, and my voice
and my voice none save e - - - cho shall
hear, none save e - cho e'er shall hear. none shall
hear!
Thou bright moon thro' the blue hea-ven

glid - ing, o'er my path, shed thy beams calm and clear,
straight where he tar - - ries my fond foot-steps guid - - ing,
all my se - cret, all my se - cret will I pour in his ear,
and my voice and my voice none save
e - - cho shall hear, none save e - cho e'er shall
f
p

hear, none shall hear, and my voice none save
ff
e - cho shall hear, none shall hear, and my
p
ff
voice none save e - cho shall hear, none shall
p
hear, none shall hear, none shall
hear!

II. "CUJUS ANIMAM"

FROM THE 'STABAT MATER'

lov - - ing kind - - ness, hear me in my
sup - - pli - ca - tion, and con - sid - - er
f
my dis - - tress.
ff
Lord! vouch -
f
safe thy lov - - - ing kind - - ness, hear me
in my sup - - - - pli - ca - tion,
ff

and con - sid - er my dis - tress.
Lo! my spir - - - - it fails with -
in me: Oh! re - gard me
with com - pas - sion. Oh! re -
gard me with com - pas - sion,

and for - give, for - give me all my
f
ff
sin. Lo! my spi - - it
sf
p
fails with - in me: Oh! re -
gard me with com - pas - - sion,
pp
and for - give, for - give me

a piacere. a tempo.
all my sin. Let thy prom - ise be my
ref - uge: Oh! be gra - cious and re -
deem me; save me from e - ter - nal
death! Oh! be gra - cious
f
ff

and re - deem me; save me
from e - ter - - - - nal death! Let thy
p
p
prom - ise be my ref - uge; Oh! be gra - cious, and re-
deem me; oh! be gra - cious, and re - deem me; save me

from e - ter - - nal
ff
death! Let thy prom - ise be my ref - uge; Oh! be
p
p
gra - cious, and re - deem me, Oh! be gra - cious, and re -
deem me, save me from e -
ff

ter - - nal death, save
p
p
me from e - ter - nal
death.
pp

III. "THERE'S A VOICE THAT I ENSHRINE"

FROM 'THE BARBER OF SEVILLE'

dor, that voice is thine, 'Tis for thee my heart doth glow. Yes, Lin-
do - - ro shall be mine, I have sworn it, for weal or
woe; Yes, Lin - do - - ro shall be mine, I have
sworn it, for weal or woe. My in-tent I'll not re-
sign, Tho' my guardian should say no, He, my love, need not di - -

vine, Till my hand I may be - stow. Yes, Lin - do - - ro shall be
mine, I have sworn it, for weal or woe; Yes, Lin-
do - ro shall be mine, I have sworn it, for weal or woe.
Allegro moderato.
dolce

tr
p
leggiero
I am all gen - tle - ness, I'm all de -
f
pp
vo - tion, Hum - ble, o - be - dient, all soft e -
mo - - tion, I can be rul'd with ease, I can be rul'd with ease, nor guidance
spurn, nor gui - dance spurn; But if you cross my will, or what I
p
pp

do take ill, Like an-y vi - per I will turn, A thousand
tricks I'll play, but I will have my way, this all must learn, this all must
learn; A thousand tricks I'll play, but I will have my way, this all must
poco rit.
learn, this all must learn; A thousand tricks I'll play, but I will

a tempo
have my way; a thousand tricks I'll play, but I will have my
way. I am all gen - tle-ness,
cresc.
cresc.
all soft e - mo-tion; I can be rul'd with ease, nor guidance
f
f
p
spurn. But if you cross my will, or what I do take ill, like an - y
p

vi - per I will turn; A thousand tricks I'll play, but I will
have my way, this all must learn, this all must learn; A thousand
rit.
a tempo
tricks I'll play, but I will have my way, this all must learn, this all must
poco rit.
a tempo
learn; A thousand tricks I'll play, but I will have my way; A thousand
p

Più allegro.
f
tricks I'll play, but I will have my way; A thousand
tricks I'll play, to have my way, thou - sands of tricks I'll play, to have my
way, to have my way, to have my way, to have my
rall.
rall.
way!
a tempo
f
ff

IV. "LO THE FACTOTUM!"

FROM 'THE BARBER OF SEVILLE'

Allegro vivace.

cresc.
FIGARO.
Lo ____ the fac - to - tum of this gay place I come! La la
la la la la la la la la! When ____ in my shop I exhib - it my face all
come la la la la la la la la la
dolce

All say I'm the dan - dy clev - - er and han - dy,
plea - sant and gay. Still in de - mand all night and day, all night and
day
Ah! bra-vo
fp
Fi - ga - ro, bra - vo, bra - vis - si-mo, bra - vo!
La la
f
p
la la la la la la la la!
For - tune on Fi-ga-ro ne-ver can
f
fp
1

frown; bra - - vo! la la la la la la la la
f
p
la la! For - tune on Fi - ga - ro ne - ver will
f
ff
frown all his de - serts 'tis her care still to
crown la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
p
cresc.
la!
f

p
At work or at play, by night or by day, there's nothing a - miss e'er can hap-pen to
me in ci - ty or place, one more fit for the race of wit and dex - ter - i - ty ne-ver can
be. la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
cresc.
lal
f
p

My comb and my ra - zor, my lan - cet they praise, or my scis - sors for
trim - ming stray locks in - to grace, my pow - der puff blow - ing, per - fumes a - bout
throwing, with lather or curls I bedizen each face. Then by my
trade sirs, I could give aid sirs, and quick re -
cov - er each sigh - ing lov - er, and quick re - cov - er la la la

la la each sigh-ing lover la la la la la la
p dolce
All say I'm the dan - dy, clev - er and han - dy, al - ways in de-
mand both night and day, both night and day, both night and day.
Ev - 'ry one call - ing me,
pull-ing and haul-ing me
Young lads and las-ses,

doat-ing old as-ses, some want-ing shaving,
or in love rav-ing, Quick come and dress me,
a Bil-let doux, bless me! Ev-'ry one call-ing, one pull-ing and
haul-ing me, want-ed by ev-'ry one, here and there forc'd to run some want-ing
cresc.
shav-ing or in love rav-ing, ev-'ry one call-ing me, Here! Fi-ga-ro!
f

Fi - - ga-ro! Fi-ga-ro, Fi-ga-ro, Fi-ga-ro, Fi-ga-ro, Fi-ga-ro, Fi-ga-ro,
Fi-ga-ro, Oh! zounds what a bawl-ing, con - fu - sion and call - ing, whilst
ff
squall-ing La-dies, dear La-dies, Gen-tle-men pray; To
each in your turn I've some-thing to say! La-dies, dear
p
La-dies, Gen-tle-men pray, to each in your turn I have something to say!
dim.
pp

Fi - ga-ro! I'm here!
Fi - ga-ro! oh dear Fi - ga-ro
here, Fi - ga - ro there, Fi - ga - ro what, Fi - ga - ro where, Fi - ga - ro
high. Fi - ga - ro low, Fi - ga - ro come, Fi - ga - ro go, thus like a
shut - tle - cock struck to and fro, be - tween lov - ers and cus - to - mers fly - ing I

go, struck to and fro, fly-ing I go! struck to and fro, fly-ing I
cresc.
go.
f
Più mosso.
Ah! bra-vo, Fi-ga-ro, bra-vo, bra-vis-si-mo; ah! bra-vo, Fi-ga-ro, bra-vo, bra-
p
vis-si-mo, O what a for-tu-nate fel-low, a for-tu-nate fel-low, a for-tu-nate fel-low am
I. ah! bra-vo, Fi-ga-ro, bra-vo, bra-vis-si-mo, oh! bra-vo, Fi-ga-ro, bra-vo, bra-

vis - si - mo, oh! what a for-tu-nate fel-low, a for-tu-nate fel-low, a for-tu-nate fel-low am I!
night and day thus pas - ses in this bus - y place, Shav-ing gal-lants, pleasing
las - ses, smoothing a heart or a face; thus my hap - py mo-ments fly, oh! what a
cresc.
for-tu-nate fel-low am I, what a for - tu - nate fel - low am I!

MASTERS IN MUSIC

DVOŘÁK

BORN 1841 : DIED 1904

ANTONIN DVOŘÁK

Dvořák's features were anything but classically beautiful in outline. His lips, partly concealed by a beard, were wide and thick; his nose was flat, short, and heavy; his eyes, set wide apart, gleamed from under swarthy brows. In one of the obituary notices, he is described as "Pan Antonin, of the sturdy little figure, the jovial smile, the kindly heart, and the school-girl modesty."

ANTONIN

DVOŘÁK

BORN 1841: DIED 1904

ON an October evening in 1892 there was given in New York City a "Grand Concert" in exploitation of the "Eminent Composer and Director of the National Conservatory of Music of America," Dr. Antonin Dvořák (pronounced Dvorschak, with a slight accent on the second syllable). There was an orchestra of eighty, a chorus of three hundred, and an audience of several thousand; the ceremonies, partly hospitable and partly patriotic, included an oration, the presentation of a silver wreath, and the singing of 'America' by the assembled multitude. Outwardly picturesque as the occasion doubtless was, it must have been even more striking in its suggestion of the extreme contrasts in life which accompany the turning of fortune's wheel. Here was a man, originally a Bohemian peasant, a village butcher's son, who for years had endured the most grinding poverty, the most monotonous obscurity, the most interminable labor for power and recognition, coming at last, a famous musician, to hear his works performed and his genius extolled in a great, enthusiastic country that wanted, and was "willing to pay for," a school of music. Even statistics are eloquent when character is behind them; at a salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year the National Conservatory of America had engaged as its principal the composer who, less than twenty years before, had been pensioned just one hundredth of that sum by the Austrian Ministry of Education. Dvořák's reception in New York was an appropriate outward sign of a victory achieved over peculiarly indifferent destiny by peculiarly indomitable pluck.

As one looks back from this imposing event over the course of Dvořák's laborious, persistent youth, one's attention, no matter how much it is at first engaged with the changes of his outer life, with his progress from obscure poverty to comfort and fame, soon dwells even more on the underlying identity of the man through all changes, on his unswerving simplicity of nature and steadfastness of aim. More remarkable than the diversity of his career is the unity of his character. From first to last, whether in Mühlhausen, Prague, London, or New York, he is essentially

a peasant. His deepest moral trait is the dumb persistence, the unthinking doggedness, of the peasant. His mental atmosphere is the peasant's innocence of self-consciousness, his unintrospective candor. Not like the sophisticated man, who weighs motives and foresees obstacles, does he pursue his troublous way. He is, on the contrary, like an engine placed on the track and started; through darkness and day, through failure and success, through weakness and strength, he steams ahead, ever propelled by irresistible inner force, insensible and unamenable to circumstance. And his musical impulse is of the same sort. His aims in music have always been simple, definite, unsophisticated by intellectualism. Taking keen delight in the sensuous beauty of sound, gifted with the musical sense in its most fundamental form of physical susceptibility, from his earliest days he set about learning to produce pleasant effects of rhythm and consonance, with utter sincerity, with no reference to derivative and secondary musical values. When, as a boy, he heard the villagers playing their native dances, his blood stirred in sympathy, and as soon as he was able he took a hand. When he was older he invented similar pieces, gradually refining them, but always cherishing the brightness of tone, the vigor of rhythmic life, that had first won his devotion. And when, in New York, an experienced and honored musician, he was expected to advise our composers, it was highly characteristic of him that he recommended them to pour their ideas into the molds of negro melody. Here was a music simple, sensuous, highly rhythmic; he looked no further, he was disconcerted by no ethnological problems, nor even by the incongruity that any man of the world would have seen between negro song and our subtly mingled, highly complex American character. Bohemian folk-melodies had expressed him; why should not plantation tunes express us? But perhaps his curious simplicity reveals itself most of all in his perfectly uncritical fecundity as a composer. He writes with extreme rapidity, and indefatigably. The great 'Stabat Mater' is said to have been completed in six weeks, and his opus numbers extend beyond a hundred. He writes as if nothing existed in the world but himself and an orchestra waiting to play his scores. He is never embarrassed by a sense of limitation, by the perception in others of powers he lacks. Though he has studied the masters, he is not abashed by them. The standards of scholarship, those academic bugbears, have for him no terrors. Indeed, of all great composers he is perhaps least the scholar, most the sublimated troubadour, enriching the world with an apotheosized tavern-music. In reading his life we must never forget these things: his simple nature, his sensuous rather than emotional or intellectual devotion to music, and his immunity from the checks and palsies of wide learning and fastidious taste.

There is in a rural district of Bohemia, on the Moldau River, a quiet little village called Nelahozeves, or in German, Mühlhausen,[1] where, in 1841, was born Antonin, eldest son of Frantisek Dvořák, the village inn-

[1] A graphic picture of the sleepy little place is given in the essay on Dvořák in 'Studies in Modern Music,' W. H. Hadow, Second Series. New York, 1894.

keeper and butcher. The Dvořáks were people not without consideration among their fellow-townsmen; not only was mine host of the tavern a widely acquainted man, but his wife's father was bailiff to a prince. One may imagine the potency, in a small hamlet, of such a conjunction of prominence and prestige. Nevertheless, as social distinction has no direct effect on a man's income, and as the butcher's family grew in the course of years inconveniently numerous, it happened that Antonin, the eldest of eight children, was looked to in early youth to learn his father's trade and contribute toward the family support, Unfortunately, he wished to be a musician. Such a desire, indeed, chimerical as it may have appeared at the time, was natural enough in a boy of musical sensibility who had been surrounded from his earliest years by a people passionately devoted to music. Not only is music a part of the instruction in the Bohemian public schools, but it is the adjunct of all the occasions of life. As many as forty dances are said to be practised by the peasants, and we have it on Dvořák's own authority that laborers in Bohemia sing at their work, and after church on Sunday begin dancing, which they "often keep up without cessation till early on the following morning." Taking advantage of his opportunities, the boy had learned at fourteen to play the violin, the organ, and the piano, and to sing. It was a year later that, summoned by his father to surrender his dreams of musicianship, he performed an exploit well worth mentioning as an early example of his indefatigable persistence and his blundering methods. Hoping to enlist his father's sympathy, he wrote, scored, and had played by the village band, an original polka. Mr. Hadow tells the story at length; its point is that Dvořák, whose ambition was more robust than his learning, failed to write the trumpets as transposing instruments, and, of course, made a distressing fiasco. "There is some little irony in the disaster," comments Mr. Hadow, "if it be remembered that among all Dvořák's gifts the instinct of orchestration is perhaps the most conspicuous. He is the greatest living exponent of the art; and he was once in danger of forfeiting his career through ignorance of its most elementary principle." He did, indeed, give up music for a year; but in October, 1857, was allowed by his father to enter the Organ School at Prague.

Had Dvořák been of an introspective turn of mind, he might now have wondered rather dismally, as the months went by in Prague, the paternal allowance ceased, and the tuition at the Organ School proved narrow and technical, whether he had really benefited himself. Fortunately, he was not given to metaphysical speculation; he got what training he could from the school, and joined a band. In Mühlhausen he had often taken a viola part in the village band that played for weddings and on holidays; now he turned his skill to account in the restaurants of Prague. In this way, and by playing also in a church orchestra on Sundays, he managed to earn about nine dollars a month, and to acquire an instinct for the way instrumental parts should be written. The only obvious advantage of this trying period was the intimate knowledge of

instruments it gave him. He lived, so to speak, cheek by jowl with them, watching them, handling them, seeing what was written for them, and hearing how it sounded. His is no book knowledge of orchestration. On the other hand, his extreme poverty, the limitations of the school, and his lack of friends to lend him scores or the use of a piano, cut him off cruelly from that equally essential part of education, familiarity with classic masterpieces and the traditions of academic learning. His band played only popular overtures and the usual potpourris. Sometimes he coaxed a kettle-drummer to let him crouch behind the drums and hear a concert. He once had an opportunity to hear 'Der Freischütz' for the modest sum of four cents; but the four cents was not forthcoming, and 'Der Freischütz' went unheard. He could afford to buy no scores, and there was no library where he could read them. Such were the meager advantages of which he made good use; such the heavy obstacles he gradually surmounted.

After his graduation from the Organ School in 1860 his situation, both practical and musical, slowly ameliorated. From Smetana, who gave him a position in the orchestra of the Interims-theater, a home for Bohemian opera founded in 1862, he received what was of even more importance to him, the loan of scores and encouragement in composition. Already twenty-one, he acquainted himself for the first time with Beethoven's and Mendelssohn's symphonies and chamber-works, of which he became a passionate student, and with Schumann's songs. For almost ten years he labored steadily and silently. It was the period of apprenticeship, the period of arduous, slow mastery of technique and thought through which every creative artist must pass. The mere mass of his exercises is bewildering; he composed and destroyed an opera and two symphonies, to say nothing of many other sacrifices on the altar of skill of which not even the names survive. Peculiar to himself, to be sure, and scarcely a model for other students, was his method in this long self-evocation. Not like Beethoven did he meditate and revise his themes, spending infinite labor on sixteen bars of melody, and not quailing before a dozen revisions so they were needed to pare away the marble and reveal the perfect form. Not like Brahms did he install a systematic training, day by day winning strength and plasticity of thought on the chest-weights and dumb-bells of contrapuntal exercise. On the contrary, he forged ahead, and somehow, without knowing where he was going or what he was doing, made himself a master. He took Parnassus by storm, as it were, overran rather than scaled it, and was victor more by quantity than by quality of performance. Yet in all this blundering progress he was protected by a genuine elevation of aim. Lacking the sense of tradition and the safeguards of scrupulous taste, he was not without his own rugged idealism. And so, although he doubtless had every external inducement to join the ranks of the national movement in music, then just acquiring momentum, he maintained his conscientious silence for nearly a decade. His compositions saw the light neither of the concert-hall nor of the

printing-press; written with ardor, they were burned without regret. Dvořák showed in his apprentice years the self-respect of all really great artists.

It was early in the seventies that he finally emerged from his studious reserve and appeared before the world with an opera, 'The King and the Collier,' which he was commissioned to write for the National Theater at Prague. So clear was the patriotic intent of this commission, so entirely was the popular interest enlisted in Smetana's effort to build up a Bohemian school of music, that it is hard to conceive how Dvořák could have fallen into the error he now made. He prepared for his fellow-countrymen a Wagnerian music-drama. The situation is comic. The good Bohemians, come to hear folk-tunes, were given leit-motifs and "infinite melody." If they failed to sympathize with his adoration for the Bayreuth master (and it seems indeed to have been but a calf-sickness, afterwards bravely outlived), if 'The King and the Collier' was a flat failure, Dvořák had no one but himself to blame. At this point, however, as at so many others in his career, his unfailing energy saved the day so nearly lost by what one critic has called his "brainlessness." He set to and rewrote his work entire, leaving not a single number of the unhappy music-drama. But now the libretto, which had at first been spared a disapproval all concentrated upon the music, proved worthless and flat, and the opera was damned afresh. Still Dvořák persisted. Getting a poet to set an entirely new "book" to his entirely new music, he made at last a success with an opera of which Mr. Hadow well says that "the Irishman's knife, which had a new blade and a new handle, does not offer a more bewildering problem of identity." No one but Dvořák would have so bungled his undertaking; no one but he would so have forced it to a successful issue.

By 1873 Dvořák was well started on the career of increasing power and fame that he had worked so hard to establish on firm foundations. That year was marked not only by his instalment as organist at St. Adalbert's Church in Prague, with a comfortable salary, and by his marriage, but also by the appearance of a composition which made his name at once widely known in Bohemia—the patriotic hymn entitled 'The Heirs of the White Mountain.' Four years later his reputation began to spread beyond the border. It was in 1877 that the approbation of Brahms, then a commissioner of the Austrian Ministry of Education, to which Dvořák had submitted some duets, induced Joachim, the famous violinist, to introduce the young Bohemian's works into England and Germany, and the house of Simrock to publish them. In 1878 the Slavonic Dances made their composer's name immediately known throughout the musical world. His great 'Stabat Mater,' produced in England with acclaim in 1883, was the first of several choral works given there in the next few years, all very successfully. In 1889 he was decorated by the Austrian Court. In 1890 he received an honorary doctorate from the University of Cambridge, England, was made Doctor of Philosophy at Prague, and was appointed Professor of Composition at the Conserva-

tory there. The welcome accorded to him in America has already been briefly chronicled.

His sixtieth birthday was celebrated in 1901 by a musical festival, at Prague, where on his return from America he had been made head of the Conservatory. He devoted his later years chiefly to the composition of operas, and at the Czech Operatic Festival held in Prague early in 1904 great honor was lavished upon him. Only a few weeks later, on May 1, 1904, he died suddenly, of apoplexy, at Prague.

Mr. J. F. Runciman pays Dvořák's character a deserved tribute in the following words:

"Whatever one may think of Dvořák the musician, it is impossible to feel anything but sympathy and admiration for Dvořák the man. His early struggles to overcome the attendant disadvantages of his peasant birth; his unheard-of labors to acquire a mastery of the technique of his art when body and brain were exhausted by the work of earning his daily bread in a very humble capacity; his sickening years of waiting, not for popular recognition merely, but for an opportunity of showing that he had any gifts worthy of being recognized,—these command the sympathy of all but those happy few who have found life a most delicate feather-bed. Dvořák honestly worked for all that came to him. There could be no conjecture wider of the mark than that of his success being due to any charlatan tricks in his music or in his conduct of life. No composer's music—not Bach's, nor Haydn's, nor even Mozart's—could be a more veracious expression of his inner nature."—TAKEN LARGELY FROM THE EDITOR'S SKETCH OF DVOŘÁK, IN 'FROM GRIEG TO BRAHMS.'

THE ART OF DVOŘÁK

'Musical Courier' *May 4, 1904*

TO fix Antonin Dvořák's standing in the annals of music is not a difficult task. He was one of the greatest of our modern composers, and has done work in all the accepted forms which compares favorably in melodic interest and in mastery of construction with the masterpieces of musical literature. Dvořák was not a revolutionary and not a reactionary. His talents were too varied to allow him to pin his faith to one party. He wrote in the old forms and the new, in the classical manner and in the modern, and he believed in the time-honored form of the four-movement symphony as faithfully as he followed Liszt in the making of symphonic poems and other "program music." To call Dvořák a "national" composer, as many do, is to admit the existence of "national" differentiations in music—a proposition with which the present writer can by no means agree. Music is international; music is music; and whether one composer uses a few more or a few less syncopations, and a few more or a few less fourths, or

fifths, or minor thirds, is a matter of extreme unimportance from a general musical standpoint. As well disparage Tolstoi and Turgenieff for using Russian themes in their books, and discredit Ibsen for making his characters Norwegians. Theme is not the main thing in any art; the part that counts is the manner of handling the theme. When books are good enough they are literature, and when music is good enough it is music. Whether it be "national" or not matters not a jot.

Dvořák had a well-nigh inexhaustible fund of melody—melody succinct and characteristic, always striking in rhythm, never banal, and tinged with enough quaintness to make it unlike that of any one else. There are no "thematic coincidences" in Dvořák's pages. He is always purely Dvořák, and that is not his smallest merit. Sometimes other composers are Dvořák, too, but that is another matter. As a writer for orchestra Dvořák wielded a firm hand and a subtle one. He understood his instruments and exhausted their possibilities in range, power, color, and combination. He was always vital, always characteristic, and always interesting. He had sustained power of imagination, and the rare faculty of finding easily the proper form and means of expression for his musical thoughts. He was a sane genius, healthy, normal, and well-balanced. He never wrestled with psychological problems or delved deeply into the tragedy of life, but he covered a wide gamut of emotions, and has left us some pages that speak the language of pathos with eloquence and conviction.

H. T. Finck *'Famous Composers and Their Works'*

APART from the originality of his musical ideas, Dvořák will be granted an honorable place in the history of music for having turned the rivulet of Bohemian national music into the general European current, thereby enriching and coloring it as Chopin, Liszt, and Grieg did by introducing the Polish, Hungarian, and Scandinavian tributaries. The great variety of Bohemian rhythms may be inferred from the fact that there are more than forty different kinds of national Bohemian dances, the best known being the polka, while Dvořák has also given the furiant and the elegiac dumka general vogue, raising them even to symphonic rank.

In saying that Dvořák turned the stream of Bohemian nationalism into the general current of European music, I by no means meant to convey the idea that he merely selected current folk-songs and incorporated them in his works. The fact is that he hardly ever adopts a ready-made tune, but he creates new Slavic tunes in the mold of the folk-songs.

In playing for the dancing youths and maidens of his native village his mind became so imbued with the spirit of Bohemian rhythms that when he began to compose, everything was tinged with national colors; and so far is this from being a defect that his greatest admirers must hope that he will never abandon this trait for a monotonous "cosmopolitanism" in music, which suggests the growing uniformity of modern costume. Variety is the spice of life.

Dvořák's fourth symphony is marked opus 88, and it was preceded by works in almost every branch of composition. The least important are his pianoforte pieces. For that instrument he seems almost to show a slight contempt, like Wagner and other born orchestral composers. Most of his compositions for piano are dance pieces—mazurkas, waltzes, furiants ("a sort of wild scherzo"), and other Slavic dances. His concerto for piano, opus 33, bristles with difficulties which are not always showy and pianistic, and therefore not "grateful," *dankbar*, as the Germans say. His songs are much more in vogue, and among them are some real gems. Some of the best and best-known are the 'Moravian Echoes' and the 'Gipsy Songs,' in both of which collections, as in the piano pieces, the Bohemian peculiarities of rhythm and melody are charmingly conspicuous. In recent years Dvořák has devoted himself less to piano and song than to chamber-music, orchestral works, opera, and oratorio.

As an orchestral writer Dvořák has few equals, and hardly a superior among living composers. It is in this department in particular that he pleases both the followers of the classical and of the modern schools, because while retaining the orthodox symphonic forms, he at the same time enriches his melodies with the most modern harmonies and frequent novel modulations, and clothes them in a delightfully colored and refined orchestral garb. Indeed one might say that as regards instrumentation, Wagner's mantle has fallen on Dvořák, whose orchestral colors are modern, varied, and richly colored, without ever offending one by the noisy extravagance of Richard Strauss and other young men of the time. The wildness of Dvořák's furiants is not sensational extravagance, but natural Bohemianism.

Of the symphonies lack of space prevents a detailed analysis, but it may be said in a general way that in the last two the Slavic element has become less noticeable than in former works, and that, while thoroughly original, they betray occasionally the influence of the German classical composers, preëminently of Schubert. Indeed, if it is necessary to class Dvořák, I should place him in the Schubert school. Schubert has not yet had full justice done to him, either as regards the rank he can justly claim among composers, or as regards his influence on other composers. The most important section in Rubinstein's book, 'Music and its Masters' is that in which he seeks to prove that Schubert is one of the three greatest of all composers. He might have added among his proofs the great influence Schubert has exerted on Liszt, Franz, and Dvořák in particular. It is not so much by an occasional reminiscence (as by a certain cadence in the first movement of the fourth symphony, which recalls 'Death and the Maiden') that Dvořák suggests Schubert as by a general artistic resemblance. He is particularly addicted to the delicious and frequent intermingling or alternation of major and minor—a device by which Schubert enriched a certain harmonic monotony of his predecessors, and which is perhaps his most valuable innovation. Dvořák also resembles Schubert by the wonderful variety and inexhaustible fancy shown in the treatment of minute details; by his freedom as regards tonality,

and his habit of repeating the same idea in different keys; by the chaste simplicity of instrumentation with which he secures some of the most exquisite orchestral effects; by the spontaneity of invention and consequent rapid workmanship, leading occasionally to excessive diffuseness and an inability to stop at the right place. As regards the rapidity with which his pen traveled, Mr. Joseph Bennett says: "I have his own authority for stating that the 'Stabat Mater' was begun and finished, even to scoring, within six weeks—a feat, in its way, quite as remarkable as Handel's composition of 'The Messiah'—while the Symphony in D was completed in three weeks." Schubert, we all know, composed six of the 'Winterreise' songs on one morning, and wrote almost one thousand pieces in eighteen years.

W. H. Hadow *'Studies in Modern Music'*

MUSIC is not to be summed up in terms of national language or personal idiosyncrasy; these are but the necessary conditions through which is embodied the abstract universal of form. Thus, although a man can take rank as an artist only if he express his own character and that of his people, he is a great artist only in so far as he expresses them in the best possible way. The first spontaneous conception of melody springs from the emotional temperament of the composer, and so marks him at once as a member of his particular nation; its treatment is derived from the intellectual laws of proportion and balance, and so belongs to the general evolution of the art.

This distinction appears very clearly in Dvořák's work. His melody, taken by itself, is often as simple and ingenuous as a folk-song, but in polyphony, in thematic development, in all details of contrast and elaboration, his ideal is to organize the rudimentary life, and to advance it into a fuller and more adult maturity.

Of course, it cannot be said that he is uniformly successful. He has little sense of economy, little of that fine reticence and control which underlies the most lavish moments of Brahms or Beethoven. But, for all this, he is a great genius, true in thought, fertile in imagination, warm and sympathetic in temper of mind. He has borne his part in a national cause, and has thereby won for himself a triumph that will endure. He has enriched his people, and, in so doing, has augmented the treasury of the whole world.

The Editor *General Summary*

SIR GEORGE GROVE was fond of saying that ever since the time of Mendelssohn composers had been men of general cultivation. For the most part this is true; but as a recent writer has pointed out, Schubert and Dvořák form two notable exceptions to the rule. Both were men of special aptitude, of a limited and peculiar talent; neither was a broadly educated

man, either in respect of academic learning or of worldly experience. Dvořák especially was almost like a child in his naïveté, his utter simpleness and freedom from social or personal sophistication. Consequently the first trait that impresses us in his music is its freshness, its joyous and untroubled spontaneity. Melody wells from him as from happy children. Tune after tune bubbles up from the seemingly inexhaustible fountain of his fancy. His pages are studded with melodies; the problem of the hearer is not, as with men of scanty inspiration, to "find the theme;" it is rather to find the thread of steady thought and purpose in such a labyrinth, to keep any sense of direction in such a swirl of momentary pleasures. Indeed, it is Dvořák's characteristic weakness that he is seduced by his wealth of fancy into non-sequaciousness; instead of developing a few ideas with controlled, persistent logic, as Beethoven, for example, always does, he forgets what he said a moment ago in his delight in saying this new thing now.

As regards structure, Dvořák is felicitous but eccentric. He does not lay out his plans with the careful prevision of one to whom balance and symmetry are vital. His scheme is not foreordered; it is sketched currently. Thus, for example, his modulation is singularly radical, impulsive, and haphazard. He loves to descend unexpectedly upon the most remote keys, never knows where he will turn next, and when he gets too far from home returns over fences and through no-thoroughfares. Often, with him, a change of key seems dictated merely by a desire for a particular patch of color; he wishes to brighten the tonal background with sharps or mollify it with flats, and plump he comes to his key, little caring how he gets there or where he is going next. His use of contrasts of tonality is thus characteristic of his love of color-effects for themselves and his willingness to subordinate to them purity of line. Again, it is probably not forcing the point to see in his use of uneven rhythms, such as five and seven bar periods, another instance of the same tendency to license. Undoubtedly in part a legacy from Bohemian folk-song, which is particularly rich in them, his uneven rhythms seem to be also in part due to a certain haphazardness of mind. It is as if he closed his phrase, without regard to strict symmetry, wherever a good chance offered. The theme of the Symphonic Variations, opus 78, is an example. It is interesting to contrast this rhythmic trait of Dvořák's with Grieg's accurate and sometimes almost wearisome precision of outline. Both men derive from folk-music a love of incisive meter—their music has a strong pulse; but Grieg, who is precise, lyrical, sensitive to perfection of detail, is really finical in his unfaltering devotion to square-cut sections, while Dvořák, more wayward, less perfect and exquisite, strays into all sorts of odd periods. His somewhat arbitrary treatment of tonal relations and of rhythm is thus illustrative of a general laxity of method highly characteristic of the man. In contrast with a jealously accurate artist like Grieg, he is felicitous more by force of genius than by wisdom of intent.

Dvořák's childlike spontaneity is in no way better exemplified than by

his attitude toward folk-music, and here again he may profitably be contrasted with Grieg. Both devotees of local color have enriched art with unfamiliar lineaments and unused resources, yet their modes of procedure have been quite different. Grieg, traversing the usual mill of German musical education, turned consciously to Norwegian folk-song to find a note of individuality. Struck with the freshness of the native dances, he transplanted them bodily into his academic flower-pots. His courtship of the national muse was conscious, sophisticated, and his style is in a sense the result of laborious thought. Dvořák, on the contrary, growing up in his small Bohemian village, unable to get classic scores, assiduously fiddling throughout his youth at village fêtes where the peasants must have a scrap of tune to dance by, became thoroughly saturated with the rude music. It moved in his veins like blood; it was his other language. Thus the two men were at quite polar standpoints in relation to nationalism. With Dvořák it was a point of departure, with Grieg it was a goal of pilgrimage. And so, while the Norwegian has tended to immure himself in idiosyncrasy, the Bohemian has rubbed off provincialisms without losing his inheritance. His music, while retaining the sensuous plenitude, the individual flavor, the florid coloring, with which his youth endowed it, acquired, with years and experience, a scope of expression, a maturity of style, and a universality of appeal that make it as justly admired as it is instinctively enjoyed.

All Dvořák's peculiarities of style may be viewed as the inevitable manifestations of a nature at once rich and naïve. His music makes a delightfully frank appeal. It is never somber, never crabbed, never even profound. It breathes not passion, but sentiment. It is too happily sensuous to be tragic, too busy with an immediate charm to trouble about a remote meaning. Even when he is moving, is it not with a gentle, half-sensuous pathos, a wistfulness more than half assuaged by the wooing sweetness of the sounds that fill our ears? To him music is primarily sweet sound, and we shall misconceive his aim and service if in looking for something deep in him we miss what is, after all, very accessible and delightful for itself—the simple charm of his combinations of tone.

THE WORKS OF DVOŘÁK

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

TO say that the best orchestral works are the most impossible ones to represent adequately in piano transcriptions sounds like a paradox, but is nevertheless a fairly obvious truth. The more thoroughly a work is conceived and executed for the orchestra, the less effective is it on the piano. This is because the conditions of the two instruments are so essentially different. The

orchestra is a composite instrument of many parts, each able to sound its melody with its own kind of tone, phrasing, and general style, in complete technical independence of the others. The violins may be whirling rapid figures, the flutes and clarinets singing sustained melodies, the drums tapping a staccato rhythm, and the horns holding a long harmony, all at the same time and without interference with one another. The piano, on the contrary, is a single instrument played by ten human fingers, and what it can do is limited not only by the span of the hands and their imperfect muscular flexibility, but by the short-lived tone as well, which begins to fade away the very moment it is produced. Again, the resources of the orchestra in the matter of timbre, or tone-color, are great. A melody may be presented over and over again, at the same pitch, but in different timbres, without monotony, in a way that would be excessively tedious on the monochromatic piano. For these and similar reasons the conceptions of the great orchestral masters lose far more in transcription than do those of men who think less freely and naturally in terms of the orchestra. A Beethoven symphony loses far more than one by Schumann, whose mind was essentially pianistic; and while Chopin's orchestral passages sound well on a piano, perhaps better than they do on the orchestra, Berlioz and Wagner on the piano are almost as lame as Turner in a photograph.

Dvořák is perhaps of all modern masters the most distinctively orchestral. The thoughts sprang up in his mind full clothed in suitable color. When he sat down to his desk it was not merely a melody with appropriate harmony that occurred to him, but a pastoral air for oboe, a suave cantabile for 'cello, or a full, sweet song for horn or clarinet, accompanied by many other instruments, each in an individual rhythm and a fitting figure. Often one can point out in his tonal web seven or eight individual strands. Now such music, of course, is cruelly crippled when it is entrusted to two hands, of slender original resources, and constricted by the narrow habits of piano technique. As well might one try to whistle two melodies at once as to represent adequately by the stroke of human fingers half a dozen orchestral voices crossing and interlacing, each at its own rate of speed, and with its own phrasing and expression.

The orchestral works reproduced herewith have been chosen from among Dvořák's earlier and simpler works partly for this reason—that they may lose less of their native fullness than the later, more complex compositions would lose. Whereas the 'New World Symphony' is sadly parodied even by a four-hand arrangement, the charming and intensely characteristic Suite, opus 39, preserves, even in a two-hand version, its animation and grace, even if it lose necessarily something of its various, subtle, and warm coloring. The Slavonic Rhapsodies are larger and nobler works than the Slavonic Dances; but the former are so difficult in a piano arrangement as to be almost impossible, while the latter are possible, though not easy, and inimitably vigorous and exciting in any kind of medium, because of their headlong movement and fresh melody. The

pieces presented, then, show the essence of Dvořák's style, even if they do not show it in its more complex developments. For those one must go to the orchestra itself.

I. Polka *From the Suite, Opus 39*

THE wonderfully melodious Suite, opus 39, for small orchestra, consists of five short movements, three of which are chosen for reproduction here. The movements omitted are an introductory Pastorale and a concluding Furiant. The whole Suite is an expression of the dance spirit so native to the Slavonic mind. "The great variety of Bohemian rhythms," says Mr. H. T. Finck in the criticism cited above, "may be inferred from the fact that there are more than forty different kinds of national Bohemian dances, the best known being the polka, while Dvořák has also given the furiant and the elegiac dumka general vogue, raising them even to symphonic rank."

The dance origin of the polka from the Suite may be seen not only in its metrical swing, but also in its construction in definite short sections, balancing one another. It begins with a graceful melody in the strings, accompanied by a staccato bass. This is repeated. Then comes a contrasting section in F-major, the melody in the left hand (bassoon, violas, and 'cellos), ornaments in the right (violins and oboe). Four measures of this are loud, the next four, like an echo, soft. The passage is rather ungrateful on the piano, and will require some practice before the left hand can be made salient enough. At the bottom of the page the same passage is turned upside down, the melody now appearing on top, the ornaments, somewhat elephantine, in the bass. The original theme then returns, and is developed in a long, delicious diminuendo, dying down to silence at the bottom of page 18. The phrasing in the last system of all should be very quiet and smooth.

As in the symphonic minuet, a "trio," or middle part, in a new but related key, is used for contrast. The charmingly phrased melody in sixteenth-notes is lovely enough even on the piano; on the orchestra it is ravishing. It is a good example of that complexity of Dvořák's scoring of which mention has just been made—a complexity necessarily much reduced in transcription. Although Dvořák uses only oboes, bassoons, and horns in addition to the usual string-instruments, he manages at this place to have no less than six movements going on simultaneously. The first violins take the melody; the violas render the accompaniment figure in sixteenth-notes; the basses sound their single tones every two measures; so much is represented in the piano arrangement: but furthermore, oboes and horns sustain long harmonies lasting through two measures each; bassoons and 'cellos add a soft rhythm of eighth-notes; and second violins, pizzicato, pluck a note on the latter half of each beat. The whole effect is wonderfully various and alive. In such passages Dvořák is inimitable. Throughout this trio, great care should be taken with the dis-

crimination between the phrased melody and the staccato bass. At the top of page 20, the composer's fondness for sudden, unexpected modulation is illustrated.

A repetition of the polka movement proper rounds out to completeness this very beautiful example of idealized dance-music.

II. Minuet *From the Suite, Opus 39*

HERE the phrasing is even more elusive to the fingers, and even more important to the ear and mind, than in the foregoing movement. The essential idea of the theme is an even, liquid flow in the first measure, followed by a sudden lift after the two sixteenth-notes of measure 2, and a strong accent on the final half-note. The melody should be practised alone with each hand until the trick is caught. This is all the more necessary because in the treatment after the first double-bar the left hand "imitates" or answers the right, and every rendition of the theme needs to be equally distinct. The theme is thus tossed about with the greatest playfulness throughout the contrasting section at page 24. From the fifteenth to the twenty-second measure on this page the crispest staccato should be made, the pedal being entirely disused. Through pages 26 and 27 the initial idea is played with further, and the movement ends with a series of quiet but piquant harmonic effects, not unlike those of some ideal harmonica. These, in the orchestra, are rendered almost entirely by the wind-instruments.

It is quite impossible to shadow forth in words the nature of these tonal effects, but with the foregoing slight hints the lover of music will easily sense them for himself.

III. Romance *From the Suite, Opus 39*

THE beginning of this movement is a sort of ethereal love-duet between the flute and that rare and romantic instrument, the English horn. Against a quietly pulsating series of chords the flute sings an elegiac tune. At the fifth measure (the pianist should be careful here to accentuate the true melody-note, D, rather than the B above it) the English horn answers with sultry warmth. Flute speaks again, with added ornament; and English horn once more replies. A new motif, entrusted to all the wind-instruments, enters near the top of page 29, and is developed for two pages by the various choirs of the orchestra. Particularly noticeable, here, are the long, mysterious hovering over the low F-sharp (page 30, the third system, the second measure) and the quaintly harmonized diminuendo passage at the bottom of the page. The duet is taken up once more at the bottom of the following page, this time with a more florid accompaniment, and a series of echoing effects leads to the idyllic, tranquil, and wondrously beautiful ending.

Dvořák shows, all through these three movements, the certainty of

touch, the economy of resource, of genius. He gets out of the little orchestra he uses the most variegated and iridescent color. As Whistler could paint, all in quiet browns or grays, a picture as full of delight to the eye as Turner's most luxuriant canvases, so Dvořák here, with the "usual strings" and a few flutes, oboes, bassoons, and horns, sets forth a repast for the ear more subtle, more delicious, more inexhaustible, than Wagner's and Liszt's most elaborate scores can supply.

IV. Three Gipsy Songs *Opus 55*

IF in the Suite Dvořák appeared as a cosmopolitan musician, an artist triumphing by simple skill and genius, in the Gipsy Songs he is the national composer, the distinctive Bohemian. They are full of the fire, the romance, the impetuous rhythms and unexpected harmonies of Czech music. In the opening passage for piano of the first, the fancy can almost hear the whirring of Czech violins and the strokes of the hammers in the dulcimer-like instrument so much used by Hungarian bands. There is a wild, free flavor about it all.

The second song is less impassioned, but more graceful. The harmonic progressions are interesting throughout, and the final cadence, where the voice holds D, and the piano sounds first G-major and then G-minor, is very subtly beautiful.

The third song is the most popular of all. Its melody, for all its simple strophic form, is broad and noble, especially at the climax in the second stanza, where its flight is wide, sustained, and impressive. The difference in rhythm between voice and accompaniment will give little difficulty if the regular accentuation at the beginning of each measure is carefully observed.

V. Slavonic Dance *Opus 46, No. 1*

THE Slavonic Dances are of especial interest as having been the first compositions of Dvořák to make his name widely known in the world at large beyond Bohemia. How Brahms secured for the young composer the favor of the great publishing-house of Simrock has already been described: it was in response to an invitation from this house that Dvořák, in 1877, composed the Dances. "At the beginning of 1878," says Mr. Hadow, "they were in print, and in a few months they had roused the whole of Germany to the appreciation of a neglected genius. Henceforward his reputation was established beyond dispute. Like Byron, he awoke to find himself famous, and to look back upon the times of darkness and disappointment as a man looks back upon his dreams."

The Slavonic Dances are intensely national; but they represent the folk spirit idealized and adorned by all the resources of musical culture. Their harmony is solid and well-woven, their orchestration of course masterly.

The first (number one of Opus 42, which is here given) begins with a vigorous theme in C-major, in triple rhythm but with a syncopation that adds almost a march quality. It is scored brilliantly for full orchestra, with trumpets, piccolo, drums, and triangle at full cry. Then comes, in the third system, a softer passage, well contrasting, for flutes and oboes in thirds. After sixteen measures the theme is entrusted to the clarinets, while the violas accompany in a waving figure; and a gradual, exciting crescendo leads back to the main motif, fortissimo and grandioso. A sudden pianissimo succeeds, however, and the theme reaches a quiet ending in the tonic key, with one final clap of loudness to clinch the matter.

Now the signature changes, and a naïve, happy melody in A-major is given out by flute and oboe, while the 'cellos in their high register hold a long E. The effect is intensely characteristic. This theme is made the subject of extended development, appearing at the second system, in the clarinet and piccolo, with an agitated accompaniment; at the third system, in the bassoon and viola (left hand in the piano score); and at the bottom of the page, in the violas, bassoons, and trumpets, with an undulating secondary melody above it, played by violins and flute. The bright, silvery tone of the trumpets is very lovely here.

Gradually, on the following page, another crescendo is worked up, and the original theme again sounds triumphantly and is treated much as at first.

There is a short coda, and the whole ends in barbaric splendor.

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF DVOŘÁK

I. CHORAL. SECULAR. *Operas.* 'The King and the Collier' (1874); 'Wanda' (1876); 'Selma Sedlák' (1878); 'Turde Palice' (1881); 'Dimitrije' (1882); 'The Jacobins' (1889); 'Rusalka, the Water Nixie' (1901). *Cantatas*, etc. 'The Spectre's Bride' (1885); 'The American Flag' (1895). SACRED. The Oratorio 'St. Ludmila' (1886); Requiem Mass (1891); 'Stabat Mater' (1883); various hymns, etc.

II. VOCAL. Many songs, duets, etc. The Gipsy Songs, opus 55, the Love Songs, opus 83, and the duets 'Klänge aus Mähren' are worthy of special note.

III. ORCHESTRAL. Five symphonies; three "orchestral ballades," or symphonic poems; two sets of symphonic variations; five overtures; Slavic Dances; Slavonic Rhapsodies; 'Scherzo Capriccioso'; and many suites, serenades, and other small works.

IV. CONCERTOS. One for pianoforte, one for violin, and one for violoncello.

V. CHAMBER-MUSIC. String sextet; two string quintets; pianoforte quintet; six string quartets; two pianoforte quartets; string trio; two pianoforte trios; one violin sonata.

VI. PIANOFORTE. Many small collections of pieces, of which representative ones are the Mazurkas, opus 56, the 'Poetische Stimmungsbilder,' opus 85, and the Humoreskes, opus 101.

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I. POLKA

FROM THE SUITE FOR ORCHESTRA, OPUS 39

p
pp
p
p
sf
p
sf
sf
dim.
p

TRIO.
Poco più mosso.

f
dim.
fp
fp
fp
fp
dim.
p
pp
cresc.
f
p
dim.
pp

ritard.
R. H.
a tempo
L. H.
Tempo I.

tr
p
pp
ff
dim.
dimin.

II. MINUET

FROM THE SUITE FOR ORCHESTRA, OPUS 39

ff
sfz
sfz
dim.
p
1.
2.
pp
pp
f
sfz
sfz
p
pp
1.
2.
pp
pp
sempre una corda
pp

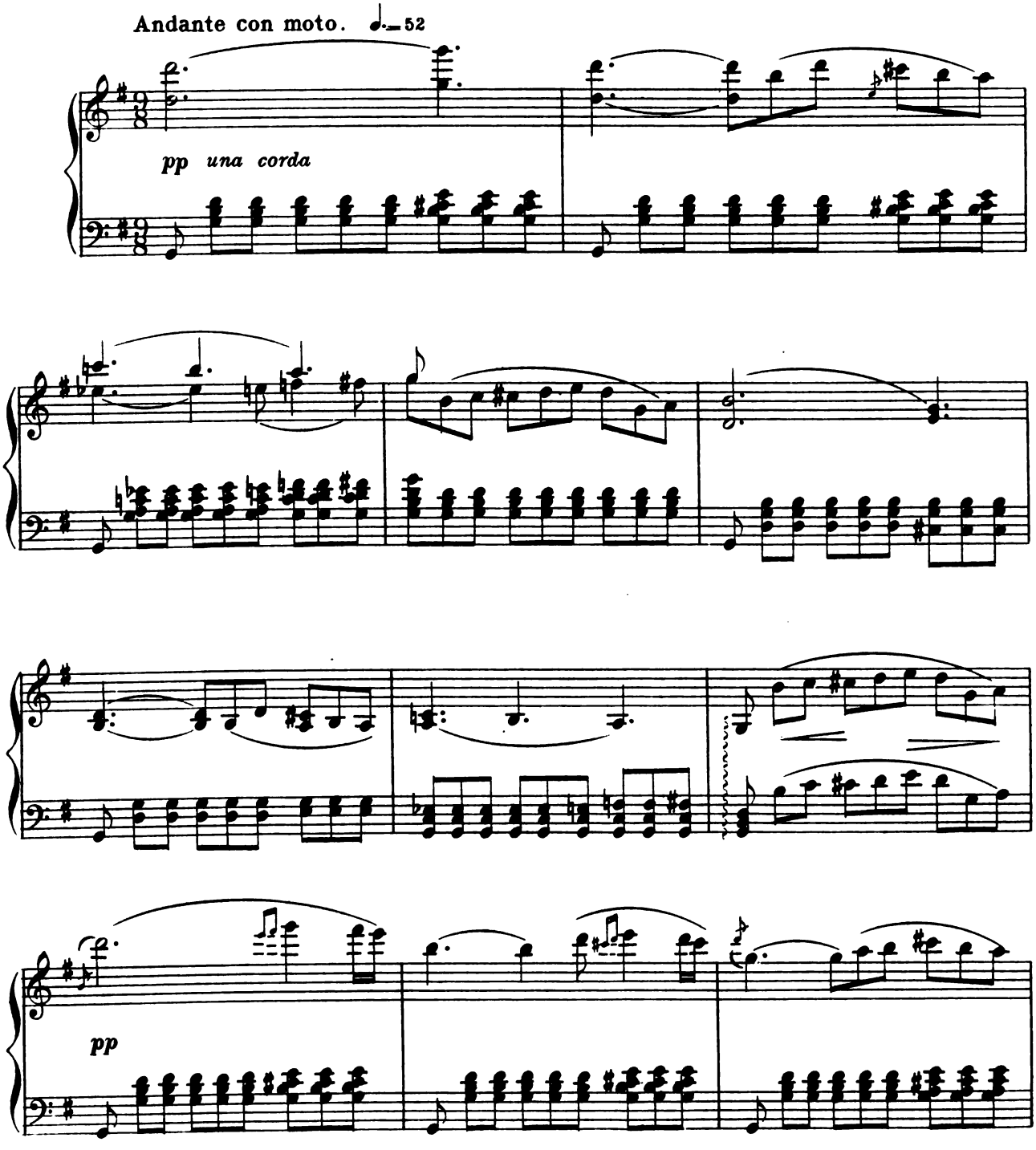
f
Poco meno mosso.
dim.
p
sfz
ritard.
Tempo I.
p
f
dim.
p
ff
dim.

p
pp
ff
sfz
sfz
p
f
sfz
sfz
dim.

pp
pp
poco meno mosso
cresc.
stringendo
f
molto riten.
p
pp
pp
pp
f

III. ROMANCE

FROM THE SUITE FOR ORCHESTRA, OPUS 39



pp
f
pp
mf
p

p
pp
f
dim.
pp
f
p legato

rit.
pp
dolcissimo
f
dim.
p
pp
pp
pp

pp
dolcissimo
pp
pp
molto cresc.
sfz
dim. e rit.
f
m.g.
pp

IV. THREE GIPSY SONGS

I.

p
while faint - ing herbs in wood - y grove cool pearly
fp
dim.
pp
dews are drink - - - - ing.
f
ffz
fz
fz
fz
dim.
p
I
p
dim.
pp

chant my lay, a joy - - ful strain, thro' leaf - y for - est.
fp
pp
ritard.
a tempo
p
tem - - - - ple, and when my cour - ser skims the plain, it
ritard.
a tempo
pp
sound - eth loud and am - - ple, it sound - eth loud and am - - - - -
f
mf
molto ritard.
pp
a tempo
- - - - - - - - ple I chant my lay, when 'cross the heath the
molto ritard.
a tempo
dim.
pp

win - - ter - - storms are cleav - - - - ing:
and when to yield his lat - est breath a bro - ther's
breast is heav - - - - ing.
rit.
a tempo
dim.
pp

THREE GIPSY SONGS

II.

slaugh - - - - - - - - - ter!
dim.
Yea, I'd march to bat - tle to that sound en tranc - ing!
Then fare - - well for ev - - - - - er,

p
love and song, and danc - - - - - ing!
cresc.
f
Love and song, and danc - - - - -
p
f ritard.
a tempo
ing, then fare-well for ev - er love and song, and danc - - -
ritard.
a tempo
p
mf
f
dim.
ritard.
pp
- - - - - ing!
pp
ppp

THREE GIPSY SONGS

III.

Now I teach my chil - - -
pp
dren each me - lo - dious meas - - - ure; oft the
f
dim.
tears are flow - - - - ing, oft they flow from my
cresc.
f
dim.
pp
mem' - ry's treas - - ure.
pp
morendo

V. SLAVONIC DANCE

OPUS 46, NO. 1

f
p
cresc. molto
f
cresc. sempre
8
ff
grandioso
8
pp
dim. sempre
pp

8
ff
p
fp
cresc.
sf
cresc.
f
sf
sf
p legato
f ben marcato
f

p
dimin.
pp
p
cresc.
f
ff
p
espress.
pp

cresc.
f
ff
grandioso
p
pp
p
pp
p
cresc. sempre

f
p
cresc.
cresc.
f
sempre cresc.
8
ff grandioso
8
p
pp
dimin.
pp

molto dimin.
pp
morendo
pp
poco string.
cresc.
Vivacissimo.
f
cresc.
ff

MASTERS IN MUSIC

SCHUBERT

BORN 1797 : DIED 1828

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT

Schubert's personal appearance was singularly unattractive. He was short and rather fat, with somewhat shapeless features and flabby complexion. His eyes, however, in spite of an excessive near-sightedness, are said to have been bright and expressive.

This portrait, from the collection of Mr. Constantine Weikert, is made from an engraving by Passini, after a water-color sketch from life by Rieder.

FRANZ PETER

SCHUBERT

BORN 1797: DIED 1828

The selections of music in the present issue are chosen from Schubert's compositions for the Orchestra. The next issue of MASTERS IN MUSIC, which will also have Schubert for its subject, will contain selections from his Songs.

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT was born in Vienna, January 31, 1797, and died there November 19, 1828. His immediate ancestors were peasants. His father and uncle came from Moravia to Vienna, and were schoolmasters there for many years. His mother, Elizabeth Fitz, before her marriage, was in domestic service as a cook. After her death, in 1812, the elder Schubert married Anna Klayenbök. By his first marriage he had fourteen children, of whom Franz was the thirteenth; by the second marriage there were five children, two of whom were living about 1880. It seems to have been an admirable family; its members, so far as we know, were noted for conscientious industry and integrity, and were affectionately devoted to one another. It is clear that there was a love for music in the family, though we have few details on this point. Ignaz and Ferdinand were taught the violin by their father. The little Franz began of himself to pick out melodic themes on an old piano much the worse for wear, and thought it a rare treat when a friendly joiner's apprentice used now and then to take him to a piano shop where he was allowed to try his infant hands upon new and fine instruments. At the age of seven he began to study the violin with his father, and the piano with his brother Ignaz, then aged nineteen; but in a very short time he had got quite beyond these teachers, and was sent to the parish choir-master, Michael Holzer, for instruction in violin, piano, organ, and thorough-bass, as well as in singing. But the astounded Holzer soon found, as he said long afterward, "whenever I wished to teach him anything fresh, he always knew it already." Holzer was fond of giving him themes on which to extemporize, and used to exclaim with rapture that the little fellow "had harmony at his fingers' ends."

Instances of precocity among musicians of genius are by no means rare; but for precocity of the highest order, as well as for spontaneous exu-

berance of musical originality, Schubert has probably been equalled by none save Mozart. The world is familiar with the stories of Mozart found by his father in the act of scrawling a piano concerto at four years of age, and of his composing a symphony for full orchestra at eight. A piano sonata in D-major for four hands, which he wrote in his ninth year, is still very commonly played, and is astonishing for its maturity of thought and its complete mastery of the sonata form. There is no evidence that Schubert began any works of such large proportions at such an early age. His fantasia for four hands was written when he was thirteen years old, and his first recorded song, 'Hagar's Lament,' in the following year; but there is reason for believing that he had before that time composed songs, pieces for piano, and string quartets. Before completing his eleventh year he had come to be leading soprano singer and violin player in the choir at the parish church of Lichtenthal, in Vienna. The next year he obtained a situation as chorister in the Emperor's Chapel, and became a pupil in the Imperial School known as the "Convict,"[1] a name derived not from *convincere*, but from *convivere*, and implying that the members or "convictors" were "messmates." It was but scanty conviviality that was allowed by the ignorant parsimony with which that somewhat famous institution was managed. Those poor growing boys, with the wolfish appetites belonging to their time of life, had but two wretched meals daily and more than eight hours apart, while in the winter season their benumbed fingers shrank from contact with the ice-like key-boards.

In the Convict more or less instruction was given in history and mathematics, French and Italian, drawing and writing. In such branches as he studied, Schubert seems to have done fairly well, but as he went on the tendency grew upon him to neglect everything else for the sake of music. Instrumental music was elaborately studied, and symphonies and overtures of Haydn, Mozart, and others were diligently practised by an orchestra of boys in which Schubert distinguished himself from the first. His head was brimming over with melodious thoughts, with which he would cover every scrap of music paper that he could get hold of. From the outset, whatever his faults, Schubert was always free from the fault of which Schiller complains that it fetters so many of us poor mortals: he was never guilty of being commonplace. Whatever came from him was sure to be something that no one else would have thought of, and it was sure to be rich in beauty. In view of this the spontaneity of his creativeness was almost incredible, and fully justifies the comparison with Mozart. The list of his compositions for 1812 is remarkable for this half-starved boy of fifteen, containing as it does an overture for full orchestra, two string quartets, and a sonata for piano, violin, and viola, besides other works for piano and strings.

But the list for 1813 begins to seem portentous. Here comes the first symphony (in D, four movements), an octet for wind instruments, three

[1] This was the regular music-school where boys were educated for the choir of the Imperial Court Chapel in Vienna. — EDITOR

string quartets, a third piano fantasia, thirty-four minuets, a cantata for his father's birthday, and about thirty other vocal pieces, including canons, terzets, and songs for a single voice. Besides all this he began to set to music Kotzebue's opera 'Des Teufels Lustschloss,' which he completed in the following year. In looking over the vocal pieces, one observes an almost unbroken succession of about a dozen with words by Schiller; and this illustrates one of Schubert's ways of doing things. When he happened to turn over the leaves of a volume of poetry, verses that pleased him would become straightway clothed in melody; they would sing themselves in his mind, often in all their concrete fullness, with superb accompaniments, noble in rhythm and rich in wondrous harmonies. If paper happened to be within reach the song would at once be written down, and the inspired youth would turn to some other poem, with like results. What in the ordinary reader fond of poetry is simply an emotional reaction of indescribable pleasure was in his case a sudden thrill of musical creation. Thus we are told that on a July evening in 1826, after a long walk, the thirsty Schubert strolled into a beer-garden and found a friend sitting at one of the tables with a volume of Shakespeare. After he had laid down the book Schubert picked it up and alighted upon the song in 'Cymbeline,' "Hark, hark, the lark!" The beautiful melody with its accompaniment, as we now have it, instantly flashed upon him, and was written down upon some staves hastily drawn across the back of a bill of fare. In like manner, in the course of the same evening, he set to music the drinking-song in 'Antony and Cleopatra,' and clothed with fresh immortality the verses "Who is Sylvia?" in the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona.' In its matchless perfection the Sylvia song would of itself suffice for a composer's reputation.

About the first of November, 1813, Schubert left the Convict and studied for a while in the Normal School of St. Anna, in order to qualify himself for a school-teacher. He escaped military duty by entering his father's parish school, where he served three years as teacher, and discharged the monotonous and irksome duties of that position with scrupulous fidelity. He still, however, found time for music.

It was Schubert's custom, from an early age, to have quartet parties at his father's house on Sunday afternoons. When at the Convict he used to go home on Sundays for this purpose. As first arranged, Schubert's father used to play the 'cello, his brother Ferdinand first violin, his brother Ignaz the second, and Schubert himself the viola. In those early days, if a wrong note was heard from the 'cello, young Franz would modestly say, "Father, there must be a mistake somewhere," and the hint was always well received. These Sunday quartets were often joined by friends and neighbors. By degrees the number of violins was increased, a double-bass and sundry wind instruments were added, and the affair grew into an orchestra which could perform Haydn's and Mozart's symphonies. Presently it became necessary to have the performances in a larger house, and in this way two or three moves were made, and the Orchestral Society of Ama-

teurs was organized. Overtures by Cherubini, Spontini, Boieldieu, and Mehul, and the first and second symphonies of Beethoven were performed. It was for this society that Schubert wrote his fourth and fifth symphonies and other orchestral works. In the autumn of 1820 the society broke down, as such societies are apt to do, under its own weight. It became necessary to have a large public hall for its meetings, and the expense thus entailed put an end to the pleasant and instructive enterprise. There can be little doubt that it was of much use to Schubert in giving him a chance to hear his own instrumental works performed and criticized. To a young man of his extremely modest and retiring disposition, moreover, the friendships thus formed were of much value.

Schubert was a man to whom friends became devotedly attached. He was faithful and true, a man of thoroughly sound character, disinterested and unselfish, without a particle of envy or jealousy about him. He won affection without demanding it or seeming to need it. He was one of those men whom one naturally and instinctively loves.

The one of Schubert's friends who probably exerted the most influence upon him was Franz von Schober. Their acquaintance began at a critical moment. After three years of faithful and conscientious work in school-teaching, Schubert began to find the drudgery of his position intolerable. It was at this juncture that young Schober, a student in comfortable circumstances, about eighteen years of age, came to Vienna to continue his studies. He had fallen in with some of Schubert's songs a year or two before, and had conceived an enthusiastic admiration for the composer. When he found that the wonderful genius was a boy of about his own age, wearing out his energy in a schoolroom, and yet turning off music by the ream, he made up his mind to interpose. He could at least offer a home, and he persuaded Schubert to come and occupy his rooms with him. There Schubert began to give music lessons, but his earnings do not seem to have been considerable or constant. With Schober he remained a chum for some time, until the need of room for Schober's brother, a captain of hussars, led to a temporary change. From 1819 to 1821 Schubert had rooms with his friend Mayrhofer. After 1821 he again lived nearly all the time with Schober until within a few weeks of his death. Their acquaintances were in the main a set of fine, cultivated young men who felt strong affection and respect for the inspired musician.

The year 1818 witnessed the beginning of an episode in Schubert's life quite different in many respects from what had preceded. He was engaged by Count Esterhazy, whose ancestors had been the patrons of so many musicians, notably of Joseph Haydn, to teach music in his family. There were two daughters, Marie, aged thirteen, and Caroline, aged eleven, and a son aged five. All were musically gifted, and their friend Baron von Schönstein was a very accomplished singer. The engagement took Schubert to the Count's country home in Hungary for the summer, while the winter season was passed in Vienna. Schubert's intercourse with this amiable and cultivated family was very pleasant, and in the course of it

seems to have occurred the nearest approach to a love-affair that can be detected in his life. Little Caroline Esterhazy was at the outset not at an age likely to evoke the tender passion. But as time elapsed and she came to be seventeen or eighteen years of age, it has been supposed that Schubert manifested symptoms of having fallen in love with her. The evidence is slight, as evidence is apt to be in such matters, in the absence of anything like an overt declaration. The nearest that Schubert seems ever to have come to such a declaration was once when Caroline in an innocent moment of girlish coquetry asked him why, when he was dedicating so many delightful works to other persons, he had never dedicated anything to her. Schubert is said to have replied, "Why should I? Is not everything that I have ever done dedicated to you already?" This anecdote does not go far as proof. Question and answer might alike have been merely pleasant jesting. Contemporary rumor, in the case of a man so shy and reserved on all matters of deep feeling as Schubert, cannot be expected to tell us much. The general impression about him was that he was almost insensible to the charms of fair women. If this impression is to be taken as true, an interesting question is suggested. How could a man who was never in love have written that immortal 'Serenade,' in which all that is sweetest and most sacred in the love of man for woman comes forth like a breath from heaven? Never was the voice of love so passionate and so pure. Nowhere has human heart ever found more consummate and faultless expression. This song could no more have come from a soul insensible to the passion of love than figs can grow upon thistles. Probably therefore the general impression on this point about Schubert was due in the main to his reticence. We have also to bear in mind that such a nature as his can find in artistic creation a vent for emotional excitement strong enough to craze the ordinary mind. We know how it was with Goethe, how the worst pains of life were healed for him by being thrown off in passionate poetry. This is quite intelligible. It is a special illustration of Shakespeare's injunction:—

> "Give sorrow words; the grief that cannot speak
> Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break."

The rapid development of Schubert's maturity in 1822 is exhibited in the two movements of his eighth symphony in B-minor, now commonly called the 'Unfinished Symphony.' It was written for the Musikverein at Gratz, which had lately elected him an honorary member. Why it was presented to the society while still half finished does not clearly appear. The first two movements were completed and the scherzo partly sketched. It is now more often played and better known than any of his other symphonies except the great Tenth, in C-major, presently to be mentioned. There is greater conciseness of expression, and in the opinion of some critics, even more grandeur and beauty in the 'Unfinished Symphony,' than in the Tenth. Here for the first time in an orchestral work Schubert appears as a completely independent master. In his earlier symphonies, as in Beethoven's first and second, one feels the dominant influence

of Haydn and Mozart. In his Sixth Symphony, composed in 1817, we begin to see the influence of Beethoven, for whom he was already coming to feel the love and adoration that never ceased to occupy his mind, even upon his death-bed. In the 'Unfinished Symphony' he takes a new departure, as Beethoven did in his third or 'Eroica'; but this new departure, while it profits by Beethoven, is peculiarly Schubertian; the composer's individuality is as completely expressed in it as in his songs.

The story of the relations between these two artists is touching. It seems singular enough that Schubert and Beethoven should have lived in the same city for thirty years without meeting more than once until the very end. By his twentieth year, if not before, the feeling of Schubert for the older composer had come to be little short of adoration. But Beethoven was absorbed in work, and stone deaf withal, and not always easy of approach, and his adorer was timid. Sometimes Beethoven came into the café where Schubert was dining and sat down at another table. For a man of the world to get up, step across the room, and open a conversation with the demigod might seem no very difficult undertaking; for Schubert it was simply impossible. But in 1822 a meeting was at length brought about. His 'Variations on a French Air' were published by Diabelli and dedicated to Beethoven, and Diabelli took Schubert with him to the master's house to present the offering in person. Beethoven received the visitors graciously, and paper and pencil for conversation were handed to them as usual, but Schubert was too confused to write a word. Most likely it was Diabelli who handed to Beethoven the 'Variations' and called his attention to the tribute of admiration printed at their head. On looking over the music Beethoven stumbled upon some daring or questionable innovation of style, and in his most kindly manner turned to Schubert to inquire his reason for it, or perhaps to make some mild criticism quite proper from an artist of fifty-two years to one of twenty-five. At this the poor fellow simply lost his head, and with some incoherent exclamation fled into the street. Ah, what chagrin when, once safely alone, the very thing he ought to have said, so neat and telling, popped into his head! But to go back, or to speak to the great man again, seemed more than ever impossible.

It was during Beethoven's last illness, in 1827, that he first came to know Schubert. Beethoven's friend and biographer Schindler brought him a parcel of Schubert's songs, including the 'Schöne Müllerin' group, 'Die junge Nonne,' and others. Beethoven's astonishment and admiration knew no bounds. He studied the songs with the most profound interest, declared that their composer was destined to become a great power in the world, and expressed deep regret that he had not known more about him. Scarcely a day passed without his reverting to the subject, and it must of course have been this that led Schubert to visit him twice. On the first occasion there was some affectionate talk between them; on the second the dying man was no longer able to speak, but only made some unintelligible signs, and Schubert went away bowed down with grief. At

the funeral he was one of the torch-bearers, and on the way home from the graveyard he stopped with Lachner and another friend at the Mehlgrube tavern, and they drank a glass of wine to the memory of the mighty master who had left them. Then Schubert proposed a second glass to that one of themselves who should be the first to follow. It was to be himself, and very soon.

An instance of the rapidly growing mterest in his music was furnished by the success of a private concert which he gave for his own benefit early in 1828. The program consisted entirely of his own compositions, the audience was large and enthusiastic, and the sum, equivalent to one hundred and sixty dollars, which that evening brought him must have given him an unwonted sense of wealth. It was his first and last concert of this sort. For creative work this last year of his life was most wonderful, and indeed it would be difficult to cite from the whole history of music a parallel to it. The one orchestral work was the colossal Tenth Symphony in C-major, which showed so unmistakably upon whose shoulders the mantle of the dead master had fallen that it used sometimes to be called 'Beethoven's Tenth Symphony.' But there is no imitation of Beethoven or any other master in this work; it is as individually and intensely Schubertian as the 'Erl-King.' It was first performed in Vienna about a month after its composer's death, but its technical difficulties caused it to lie neglected and forgotten until 1838, when Robert Schumann carried the score to Leipsic and studied it with Mendelssohn; and it was again given to the world, under Mendelssohn's direction, in the following year. Since then it has been one of the best-known and most thoroughly loved of all the symphonies written since Beethoven's, and it ranks undoubtedly among the foremost ten or twelve orchestral masterpieces of the world.

Side by side with this symphony sprang into existence the Mass in E-flat, the most finished and the most sublime of Schubert's masses, and standing, like the symphony, in the foremost rank of all the works of its kind. And along with this came the master's first and only oratorio, 'Miriam's Song of Triumph,' a noble work, in which, however, Schubert supported the vocal score with only an accompaniment for piano, so that it must be regarded as in this sense incomplete. It has often been performed with orchestra by Lachner, but still needs to be completed by some master more capable of entering into the composer's intention.

Outdoing his earlier self in all directions at once, Schubert wrote in this same year his Quintet in C-major for strings, which among his works in chamber-music is equalled only by the D-minor Quartet of 1826. And so, too, with his piano music; besides many other works poured forth at this time we have three superb sonatas, of which the one in B-flat is dated September 28, less than eight weeks before his death. From all his piano works it would be hard to select one fuller of his poetical charm. Among the sonatas its only peers are the A-minor, Op. 42, and the G-major, Op. 78.

In some of the songs of this year the genius of the composer reached a height scarcely attained before. Besides a few others, uncounted drops in this ocean of achievement, there were fourteen, not obviously intended as a cycle, but published in a group, soon after Schubert's death, with the publisher's title, 'Swan Songs.' It is enough to mention that this group contains the 'Serenade,' 'Aufenthalt,' and 'Am Meer,' all matchless for intensity of emotion as for artistic perfection of form. Whichever of this group he wrote last was truly his swan song; it is commonly believed to have been the 'Taubenpost,' dated in October.

During this year of marvelous creative activity Schubert had suffered frequently from headache and vertigo. Such cerebral excitement entailed an excessive rush of blood to the head. Early in September he moved from his lodgings with Schober to a house which his brother Ferdinand had lately taken. The situation was near the open country and thought to be more favorable for air and exercise. Unfortunately the house was newly built and damp; very likely the drainage was defective. Schubert evidently had no suspicion of his dangerous condition until, on the last evening of October, 1828, while supping with some friends at the Rothen Kreuz Inn, he suddenly threw down his knife and fork, saying that food had become as odious as poison. This somewhat alarmed his friends, but he was as full of plans for future work as if his health had been robust. On November 3 he took a long walk to attend the performance of a Latin requiem composed by his brother Ferdinand, the last music he ever heard. He had lately begun studying the scores of Handel's oratorios, and had thus become impressed with the fact that in counterpoint he had still much to learn. Though greatly fatigued with his walk, he went next day to see Sechter, a famous teacher of counterpoint, and made arrangements for taking a course of lessons; the text-book and the date were settled upon. It is doubtful if Schubert ever went out again. The disturbance of the stomach, which prevented him from taking food, continued, and his strength ebbed away. In a letter to Schober on the eleventh he says that he can barely get from the bed to a chair and back again; he has been reading 'The Last of the Mohicans,' 'The Spy,' 'The Pilot,' and 'The Pioneer;' and if Schober happens to have anything else of Cooper's, or any other interesting book, he would like to have him send it. Something like typhus fever was setting in. After the fourteenth he was confined to his bed, but was still able to correct the proofs of the 'Winterreise.' On the seventeenth he became delirious. The next day he complained of having been taken to a strange and dreadful room; and when his brother Ferdinand tried to soothe him with the assurance that he was at home, he replied, "No, it cannot be so; Beethoven is not here!" On the next day, November 19, 1828, there passed away one of the sweetest and truest souls that ever looked with human eyes. Schubert was buried in the Währing cemetery in a grave as near as possible to that of Beethoven. Upon a monument afterward erected at the head of the grave was inscribed the epitaph by Franz Grillparzer: "Music has here entombed a rich treasure, but still more glorious hopes. Here lies Franz

Schubert, born Jan. 31, 1797, died Nov. 19, 1828, aged 31 years."—CONDENSED FROM THE SKETCH BY JOHN FISKE IN 'FAMOUS COMPOSERS AND THEIR WORKS.'

SIR GEORGE GROVE, in his sketch of Schubert in his great 'Dictionary of Music,' writes as follows:

"His sensibility, though his music shows it was extreme, was not roused by the small things of life. He had little of that jealous susceptibility which too often distinguishes musicians. Transparent truthfulness, good humour, a cheerful contented evenness, fondness for a joke, and a desire to remain in the background—such were his prominent characteristics in ordinary life.

"He was a born *bourgeois*, never really at his ease except among his equals and chosen associates. When with them he was genial and compliant. At the dances of his friends he would extemporize the most lovely waltzes for hours together, or accompany song after song. He was even boisterous—playing the 'Erl-King' on a comb, fencing, bowling, and making many practical jokes. But in good society he was shy and silent, his face grave; a word of praise distressed him; he would repel the admiration when it came, and escape into the next room, or out of the house, at the first possible moment.

"Simplicity curiously characterizes his whole life. No feats of memory are recorded of him as they so often are of other great musicians; the records of his life contain nothing to quote. His letters, some forty in all, were evidently forced out of him. He not only never traveled out of Austria, but he never proposed it, and it is difficult to conceive of his doing so. To pictures or works of art he very rarely refers. He expressed himself with such difficulty that it was almost impossible to argue with him. The fact is that, apart from his music, Schubert's life was little or nothing, and that is its most peculiar and interesting fact. Music, and music alone, was to him all in all. No memoir of Schubert can ever be satisfactory, because no relation can be established between his life and his music; or rather, properly speaking, because there is no life to establish a relation with. The one scale of the balance is absolutely empty; the other is full to overflowing."

THE ART OF SCHUBERT

Antonin Dvořák — *'The Century Magazine' 1894*

OF Schubert's symphonies I am such an enthusiastic admirer that I do not hesitate to place him next to Beethoven, far above Mendelssohn, as well as above Schumann. Mendelssohn had some of Mozart's natural instinct for orchestration and gift for form, but much of his work has proved ephemeral. Schumann is at his best in his songs, his chamber-music, and his piano-

forte pieces. His symphonies, too, are great works, yet they are not always truly orchestral; the form seems to hamper the composer, and the instrumentation is not always satisfactory. This is never the case with Schubert. Although he sometimes wrote carelessly, and often too diffusely, he is never at fault in his means of expression, while mastery of form came to him spontaneously. In originality of harmony and modulation, and in his gift of orchestral coloring, Schubert has had no superior. Dr. Riemann asserts with justice that in their use of harmony both Schumann and Liszt are descendants of Schubert; Brahms, too, whose enthusiasm for Schubert is well known, has perhaps felt his influence; and as for myself, I cordially acknowledge my great obligation to him.

I have just observed that mastery of form came to Schubert spontaneously. This is illustrated by his early symphonies, five of which he wrote before he was twenty, at which, the more I study them, the more I marvel. Although the influence of Haydn and Mozart is apparent in them, Schubert's musical individuality is unmistakable in the character of the melody, in the harmonic progressions, and in many exquisite bits of orchestration. In his later symphonies he becomes more and more individual and original. The influence of Haydn and Mozart, so obvious in his earlier efforts, is gradually eliminated, and with his contemporary, Beethoven, he had less in common from the beginning. He resembles Beethoven, however, in the vigor and melodious flow of his basses; such basses we find already in his early symphonies. His 'Unfinished Symphony' and the great one in C are unique contributions to musical literature, absolutely new and original, Schubert in every bar. What is perhaps most characteristic about them is the song-like melody pervading them. He introduced the song into the symphony, and made the transfer so skilfully that Schumann was led to speak of the resemblance to the human voice in these orchestral parts.

The richness and variety of color in the great Symphony in C are astounding. It is a work which alway fascinates, always remains new. It has the effect of gathering clouds, with constant glimpses of sunshine breaking through them. Personally, I prefer the 'Unfinished Symphony' even to the one in C; apart from its intrinsic beauty, it avoids the fault of diffuseness. Greatly as I esteem Schubert's songs, I value his instrumental works even more highly. Were all of his compositions to be destroyed but two, I should say, Save the last two symphonies.

Anonymous Writer — *'The Edinburgh Review' 1883*

SCHUBERT is more essentially of the romantic school than any other composer of at all the same caliber; and the romantic school means the school of fluent and passionate expression with deficient formative or shaping power. In all forms of art, it represents essentially the *dilettante* side of artistic production and expression: the type of art the productions of which appeal often the most strongly to the emotions in the first instance, but,

leaving little for the intellect, are liable to lose in effect in proportion as they become familiar. Schubert, as a musician, had (apparently through instinct rather than study) sufficient constructive power to handle successfully the simple and limited form of song-writing; and the majority of his best songs, as far as they go, are very perfect and finished in form. But beyond the limits of the song form he never seems to have had, or to have taken pains to acquire, the power of marshaling his materials into a finished and proportioned structure, coördinate in all its parts, as is the case with the more extended works of composers of the first order.

The relation between Schubert's character and his music is illustrated more strongly in regard to his instrumental composition than in the other branch of his art. It is the work of a man who would write copiously as the whim seized him, but would take no trouble about it. It is urged by his biographer that Schubert was not an indolent man, the amount of his compositions, and the known fact that he was so constantly writing, being cited in his favor. But this industry was not of the right breed. The industry which consists in doing a great quantity of work carelessly, and in the way that is most agreeable to the worker, is only another form of indolence. Beethoven, as his note-books show, would expend more study and pains in rendering a single theme what he thought it ought to be than Schubert probably ever bestowed on a whole movement. The symphonies and sonatas of the latter are full of beautiful melodies, which succeed each other sometimes in almost lavish profusion, but of which, beyond their presentation to the ear, nothing is made. In his shorter pieces, which hardly go beyond the song form, the music is often not only lovely in itself, but complete in form, as in such a little gem as the well-known 'Moment Musical' in F-minor, which is absolutely perfect. But in an extended musical composition in the sonata form something more than beautiful melodies is demanded. A grasp of the whole materials as subordinate to one complete design must be evident; the constituent elements of the composition must be linked together as parts of an organic whole, presented in new and varied combinations, so as to bring out all their latent expressiveness as well as their harmonic or contrapuntal relationship: a method of handling which demands a constructive power such as Schubert never even sought to acquire. In the andante movement of the Symphony in C, the really beautiful leading theme is repeated and repeated with little variation till the repetition becomes almost irritating to the listener. Compare this with the variety of treatment and effect which Beethoven has concentrated on the subject of the allegretto in the Seventh Symphony, for example, and the difference between the master-workman and the amateur is at once obvious. Nearly all Schubert's more extended instrumental compositions serve to point the moral that in music, as in literature, easy writing is hard reading. The materials for exquisite musical structures are there, but the will or the power to combine them into an effective whole is wanting; and even those of his longer compositions which are quite balanced and symmetrical in form almost always affect one as too long, owing to their loosely

knit structure and want of verve and finish of detail. As Garrick said of Adam Smith's conversation, they are "flabby," and therein reflect their author's whole life and character. Schubert's life and works, indeed, suggest a lesson almost as much moral as artistic—that the most strong and healthy form of art, as of character, is not to be developed by giving one's self up to emotional impulses, however beautiful and attractive; that the strong artist, as well as the strong man, is he who is the master, not the servant, of his fancy and inspiration.

The Editor *Critical Summary*

THE foregoing criticisms of Schubert as an orchestral writer, at first sight apparently contradictory of each other as they are, have been purposely cited in order to illustrate the marked differences of opinion regarding Schubert that have always existed among critics, and thus to lead the reader to a perception of the paradoxical nature of the man himself. Each of the two views, opposite as they are, has its own element of truth. If we look at Schubert with the eyes of the romanticist—of Dvořák, for instance—we have nothing but wonder and admiration for his truly wonderful lyrical gift. If we look at him from the standpoint of the writer in 'The Edinburgh Review,' to whom constructive power is as much a *sine qua non* of art as what is vaguely called "inspiration," we find it necessary to qualify our praises so heavily that they sound almost like disappointment.

Now it is beyond doubt that Schubert the symphonist, whatever his defects, had the signal merits of Schubert the song-writer. The freshness, lyrical expressiveness, and warm beauty of his themes make us hear in them constantly that quality of the human voice which Schumann heard. They are wonderfully direct, eloquent, gracious, ingratiating. They are songs sung by instruments. Again, Schubert's symphonies are wonderfully rich in color, both in their harmonic effects and in their orchestration. And finally, the very profusion of his thought gives his work in the larger forms its own kind of heroism of style. It is not close-wrought, nervous work like Beethoven's; it is not highly organized and intellectual like Brahms's; it has not even the passionate intensity of Schumann's; but it has an amplitude, a wide sweep, a wealth of beauty, that make it truly heroic, and that Schumann had in mind when he characterized the C-major Symphony as "of heavenly length."

So much can hardly be denied. And yet, on the other hand, it is equally true that Schubert's themes are almost always lyrical and suave rather than pregnant or deeply significant. They are more personal than universal. Often their sweetness becomes positively cloying. And partly, doubtless, because of this their natural quality, as well as partly because of fundamental deficiencies in his synthetic powers of mind and accidental deficiencies in his technical training, he is unable to build his themes into stout and well-knit organisms. His music does not evolve as Bee-

thoven's does. It is complete, with the completeness of the gem or the crystal, in the first place, and is afterwards only repeated, literally or with insignificant variation. Hence his worst fault, an endless and fatiguing diffuseness. All that 'The Edinburgh Review' critic says on this point is but too sadly true.

Schubert, then, is a curious compound of the virtues and the shortcomings of an impulsive, ardent, and not very penetrative mind. His songs were undoubtedly the most native and satisfying expressions of his peculiarly lyrical genius, and in his larger works, as compared with them, he is felt to be at a certain disadvantage. Yet those larger works we should not willingly lose; for from them, too, sounds the same persuasive and touching human voice.

THE WORKS OF SCHUBERT

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

I. The 'Unfinished Symphony' — *First Movement*

THE so-called 'Unfinished Symphony,' written by Schubert in his twenty-fifth year for a musical society at Gratz, and consisting of an allegro, a slow movement, and a fragment of scherzo, is remarkable not only as his first really mature work in the largest and most dignified musical form, but as on the whole his most popular work in the domain of pure music. And fully does it deserve its popularity. Written in the conventional sonata-form made so familiar by Beethoven, it breathes a romantic warmth of sentiment which was at the time of its appearance a new phenomenon in music. It is like a long and varied song or serenade, full of tenderness, pathos, imagination, if lacking in robustness and masculine grasp.

The first movement begins with a short introductory theme, eight measures of a somber, rather melancholy melody for 'cellos and double-basses, without accompaniment. This is immediately followed by the first theme proper, an agitated passage in sixteenth-notes in the violins, punctuated by a well-marked pizzicato bass, which in the piano version should be rendered in a pronounced staccato. At the second measure of the third system, page 17, flute and clarinet add a graceful meditative melody. Other wind instruments gradually enter, and a slight climax is reached by the bottom of page 18. A long D is now held by the bassoons and horns for three measures, after which, like a bud blossoming out, as it were, it grows into the dominant-seventh chord of G-major, and effects a modulation to that key. Here the second theme enters, somewhat irregularly, since, as the symphony is in B-minor, we should expect D-major rather than G as the key of the second subject.

The second theme, which is as familiar as a household word to all lov-

ers of music, is very lovely in color, being sung by the 'cellos against a pulsating accompaniment by the violas and the clarinets. After nine measures it is taken up by the violins for nine measures more, after which there is a sudden dramatic silence of a full measure, followed by a crash of the whole orchestra. The remainder of the first section of the movement consists of an alternation of this general hubbub with the contrapuntal treatment of various portions of the second subject.

The development portion, or free fantasia, begins, at the bottom of page 20, with the announcement of the somber introductory theme in the key of E-minor. This is followed, at the top of the next page, by an imitative treatment of the first phrase of the same theme, one instrument coming in with it before the preceding one is done. At the bottom of the page comes, fortissimo, a more emphatic assertion of the complete theme, and all of page 22 is occupied with further manipulations of it. Thus the entire development, in this case, is founded on the eight measures of the introductory theme.

At page 23, the third system, the reprise or restatement, which, as the reader will remember, constitutes the third section of sonata-form, enters with the agitated first theme in the tonic key. The modulatory scheme is now so altered that the long, held tone of bassoons and horns is an A, and introduces the second subject, sung as before by the 'cellos, in the key of D-major (page 25, the third measure). After two more pages of what is practically literal repetition of the first part of the movement, a short coda, entirely founded on the introductory subject, enters at the bottom of page 26, and rounds out the movement to a satisfactory close.

Aside from the charm of the themes themselves, there are great interest and beauty in the treatment Schubert gives them. Particularly notable are the melting kaleidoscopic effects of tone he gets by his imitative treatments of both the introductory and the second subjects. Much of this is necessarily lost on the piano, but if the player takes care to bring out the melodies clearly by a proper pressure of the fingers, subordinating minor notes, he will at least suggest these very delicate and lovely effects.

II. The 'Unfinished Symphony' — *Second Movement*

HIS Andante con moto is even more intensely Schubertian than the first movement, in its amenity and suavity of expression and its luxuriant variety of color. Formally, it is but two or three melodies slightly developed and repeated; but its color is so rich that its final effect leaves the mind amply satisfied. After two introductory measures, the violins sing a graceful theme of four measures, which is made the subject of the whole of the first page, taking on, at the fifth system, a more martial boldness of style. A gradual diminuendo prepares the way for the second theme, a mournful, yearning melody played by the clarinet, against a syncopated accompaniment in the strings (page 29, the third system, the second measure). Here the

subtlety of the modulation is especially noticeable. How wonderfully the high A is made to serve as a sort of pivot about which the harmony revolves, first into D-major (the seventh and eighth measures of the theme) and then into F-major (the ninth measure)! The effect is ravishing. It is like the ever-novel rifts and vistas that open up in clouds at sunset.

At page 30, the third system, the second measure, enters a vigorous theme sounded by the full orchestra, affording a needed contrast after the sultry quietude of the long clarinet solo. This, however, does not last long. At the top of page 31 comes a series of those imitations (this time on the clarinet theme) which Schubert so dearly loves. Then, after a curious echoing passage distributed between the flute, the oboe, the clarinet, and the horn (last system but one on page 31), the first subject returns, and the entire movement is practically repeated, though with altered key-relations. The coda (beginning at the twelfth measure of page 35) contains a most ingenious and fascinating effect, which demands special description. At the sixth measure of the third system Schubert starts out as if he were going to introduce his second subject with just the falling unison passage he has used for that purpose twice before. This time, however, he adds two new descents, of a major third each, with the result that we rub our eyes to find ourselves, quite easily but wholly unexpectedly, in the distant key of A-flat major (fourth system). Here there is a brief reminder of the first theme, after which the same curious passage of descending thirds takes us easily back to the home key, and the movement ends. It is not too much to say that nothing but genius—yes, that nothing but Schubert's genius—could have conceived this simple yet magical modulation. It is like being wafted on an enchanted carpet to fairyland, and then imperceptibly wafted back again. Such effects as this are among the treasures of pure music.

III. Ballet Music — *From 'Rosamunde'*

FROM the incidental music which Schubert wrote for Helmina von Chezy's drama of 'Rosamunde,' this short ballet is chosen for reproduction because of its rhythmic charm and its truly Schubertian freshness of melody. Its rhythmic life should be brought out by a regular though delicate accentuation throughout, and by a steady, even tempo.

Against a regular staccato chord accompaniment the most irresistible melody is played by the strings, only to be taken out of their mouths, so to speak, by the wood-wind instruments at the ninth measure. The second section, in minor, begins with a vigorous unison by all the strings, but there is again much echoing between the strings and the wind.

It is unnecessary, however, to describe in detail the effects of orchestration that add so much to the charm of this very piquant music. It is quite charming enough on the piano, provided it is played with attention to contrasts of staccato and legato, of loud and soft, and to phrasing.

IV. Symphony in C-Major, No. 10 *The Scherzo*

THE Symphony in C-major, No. 10, Schubert's most heroic work, is the one to which Schumann happily applied the epithet, "Of heavenly length." There is a deliberation, a leisure, a happy carelessness and amplitude of mood about it, which one finds in hardly any other music. This is particularly the case in the first and last movements; but in the slow movement and the scherzo, too, Schubert is in the mood of the largess-distributing creator, who has no fear that his inspiration will flag, but pours out his gold in a stream as unceasing as it is bright.

The prevailing quality of the scherzo proper is vigorous, buoyant energy; that of the trio, which affords an effective contrast, is meditative, tender sentiment.

The scherzo begins with a very incisive, characteristic theme, of four measures, announced by the strings in unison, and immediately taken up and bandied about by the wind instruments, for eight measures. Then, another text by the strings, and twelve measures more of discussion by the wind, reaching a strong cadence in the dominant. Hereupon (page 40, the fourth system, the fifth measure) enters a new idea, coupled with the first, but more soaring and song-like—given out by violins, imitated after two measures by the 'cellos. It is impossible to give in words any impression of the spring, the joy, the enthusiasm, of this upwelling tune. It is soon taken up by all the strings, and carried to another strong cadence in the dominant key (page 41, the double bar).

The key of A-flat is now entered at a bound, and the dance goes on, with new melodies springing up at every moment in the most bewildering, intoxicating way. Both the original four-measure theme, of the pronounced rhythm, and the more soaring melody introduced later, are now made the subjects of an endlessly ingenious elaboration, until, at the top of page 48, enters the third section of the design, the section of restatement. This, too, is carried through with unflagging spirit to a victorious ending in the tonic.

The trio, in the rather distant key of A-major, is prepared for by eight measures of reiterated E's, which serve equally as a point of departure from C-major and as an approach to A. As has been said, the quality of the trio is that of meditation, of tender, half-wistful sentiment. Its melody is pure Schubert—so wondrously graceful, so full of subtle shading and delicate emphasis. It is the subject of a long and fairly complex treatment, with plenty of modulation. More E's, followed by similar G's, lead back to the original key, and the scherzo is repeated.

This movement, as a whole, is an excellent example of Schubert's symphonic style. Its melodies are perfect songs; its fancy is inexhaustible; and if it is somewhat long and slightly diffuse, he would be a bold man who could dare to expunge a single note of it.

NOTE. — The List of Schubert's Principal Works and the Schubert Bibliography will appear in the next issue of MASTERS IN MUSIC, which will contain selections from his Songs.

I AND II. THE 'UNFINISHED SYMPHONY'

FIRST AND SECOND MOVEMENTS

p
pp
p
cresc.
fz
fz
fp
p
cresc.
f
ff
fz fp

pp
pp
decresc.
1
fz
fz
fz fz
fz fz fz
cresc.
fz fz fz
fz
fz
p
f

fz
fz
fz
fz
fz
fz
fz
p
ff
pp
1.
2.
pp

cresc.
f
cresc.
fz fz fz
ff
p
ff
p
ff
p
ff

fz
fz
fz

ff
fz
fp
decresc.
pp

cresc.
f
fz
fp
p
cresc.
ff
fz
fp

pp
pp
decresc.
1
ff
ff
fz
fz fz fz
cresc.
fz fz fz
fz
p

f
ff
fz
fz
fz
fz
fz
fz
p
ff
pp
pp

p
cresc.
f
cresc.
ff
fpp
mf
pp
ff

Andante con moto.
pp
fp
fp
pp
f
pp

fp
fp
cresc.
pp
pp
f
p
pp
dimin.
pp
pp

f
p
pp
pp
ff
fz

p
fr
fr
p
pp
decresc.
pp
pp

fp
fp
pp
f
pp
fp
fp
cresc.
pp

pp
f
p
pp
dimin.
pp
pp
f
p
pp
pp
ff

ff
p
ff
fp
fp
fp
fp
cresc.

pp
pp
pp
pp
pp

III. BALLET MUSIC

FROM 'ROSAMUNDE'

pp
dimin.
pp
p
f
p
cresc.
f
p
cresc.
f
f

f
fz
fz
p
p
cresc.
fz
ff
fz
p
f
fz
p
p
f
fz
ff
ffz
ffz
ffz
ffz
ffz
ffz
ffz
ffz
p

ff
p
p
p
p
pp
pp
pp
mf

IV. SYMPHONY IN C-MAJOR, No. 10

THE SCHERZO

cresc.
f
sf
fz
fz
fz
fz
ff
fz
p
pp
f
sf
f
sf
fz
sf
f
sf
p
pp

pp
cresc.
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
p
cresc.
f
ff

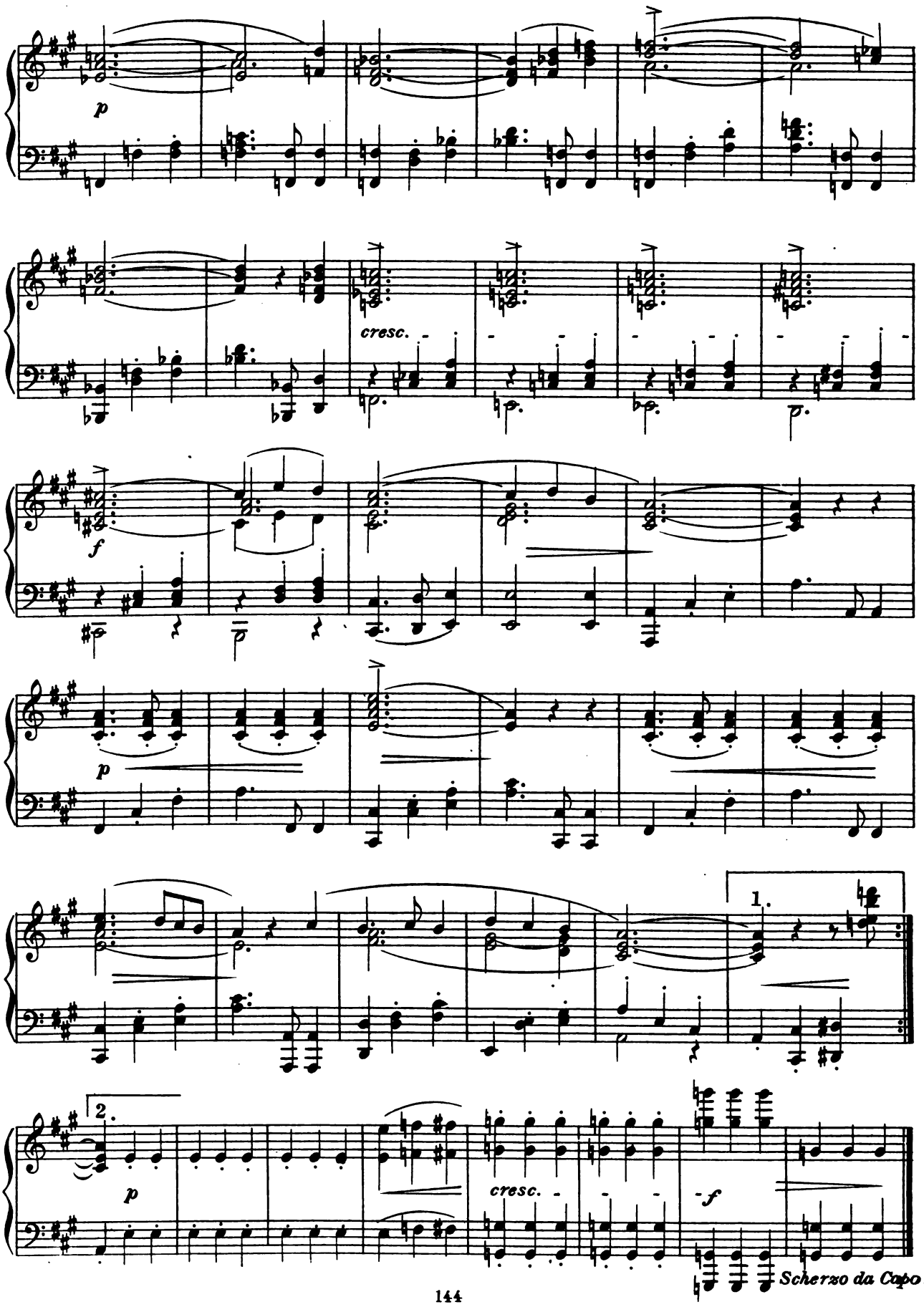
ff
fz
fz
ff
p
fp
pp
p
fp
pp
p sempre
cresc.
f

p
fp
pp
cresc.
f
8
ff
p
ff
fz
fz
fz
fz
fz
fz
fz
fz
Fine.

Trio.
p
cresc.
f
sf
cresc.
f
p
1.
2.

f
p
cresc.
f
fz

fz
p
fp
fz
fz


p
cresc.
f
p
1.
2.
p
cresc.
f
Scherzo da Capo.

MASTERS IN MUSIC

SCHUBERT

BORN 1797 : DIED 1828

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT

The first manuscript sketch of Schubert's 'Erl-king' is reproduced in facsimile above. The best extant portrait of Schubert was reproduced in the previous issue of this SERIES, which was devoted to his orchestral works.

FRANZ PETER

SCHUBERT

BORN 1797: DIED 1828

A sketch of Schubert's life will be found in the preceding Part of MASTERS IN MUSIC, which dealt with Schubert's Orchestral Works.

H. T. Finck — *'Songs and Song Writers'*

THE belief is still quite prevalent in America and England that there is less melody in German music than in Italian. Schubert alone would utterly refute this notion. Of all melodists the world has seen he was the most spontaneous, fertile, and inexhaustible. Rossini is the prince of Italian melodists, and in 1828 no one would have dreamed of ranking Schubert with him. But what has become of Rossini's melodies? With the exception of 'The Barber of Seville' and a few tunes from his other works, age has staled and withered them; whereas Schubert's melodies have the lasting quality of folk-songs, with the added charms of the highest harmonic art. Schubert liked Rossini's music; but his instinct taught him a higher, nobler style which fashion cannot affect. At one time, as a youth, he came under the influence of Salieri, who tried to make an Italian of him, advising him not to waste his efforts on the German poets, but to compose Italian stanzas. He did compose a dozen or more songs to Italian words, but here he was like a fish out of water. Mozart, as everybody knows, was at home among the Italians; and his vocal music, even in the German 'Magic Flute,' remains essentially Italian. But Schubert was German to the core, and it is marvelous that he should have surpassed the Italians—who hitherto had had almost a monopoly of vocal music—not only in regard to the artistic union of verse and melody, but in the charm, flow, and variety of melody. Salieri's advice to Schubert that he should "husband his resources of melody" was about as useful as a warning to an artesian well not to waste its water.

Schubert's harmonies and modulations are no less original, spontaneous, and varied than his melodies. Robert Franz called him a great harmonic emancipator, and Dr. Riemann has well said that "the entire Schumann and the entire Liszt are in their harmonies an outgrowth of Schu-

bert." As harmonic innovators, Bach, Chopin, and Wagner are, in my opinion, the only peers of Schubert. He does not, however, like those masters, modulate habitually with the aid of chromatic progressions, but simply drops from one key into another in the most unceremonious, unprecedented, astonishing, and delightful way. To him all keys are sisters or cousins. Now modulation, unexpected passing from one key to another, is preëminently the emotional element in music, and Schubert's mastery of this element of expression explains the power of his songs, above all others, to evoke tears. Modulation, too, is the specifically *modern* element in music, and this is another reason why Schubert's songs seem of to-day and not of nearly a century ago. His modulation, furthermore, brings together not only keys, but modes. With other composers, as a rule, a song is either in major or in minor; but with Schubert these two modes are twins that intertwine in nearly every song. And usually there is a poetic as well as a musical reason for the change from one mode or mood to another, showing how closely Schubert followed the spirit of his poems. As Sir George Grove has aptly said, "With Schubert the minor mode seems to be synonymous with trouble, and the major with relief; and the mere mention of the sun, or a smile, or any other emblem of gladness, is sure to make him modulate." All these harmonic and modulatory features make it absurd to speak of the piano part of Schubert's songs as "accompaniments," or to play them as such. They are as important as the orchestra is in Wagner's operas.

If anything could be more marvelous than Schubert's melodic and harmonic spontaneity, originality, and variety, it would be the singular appropriateness—one might almost say inevitableness— of his music to the poem in every case. Here his rare rhythmic faculty comes into full play in devising suggestive figures or modes of movement. And the miracle of it is that the musical idea appropriate to a poem came to him without trouble or reflection, nearly always like a flash of lightning. One day a lady asked him to set to music a certain poem which she gave him. He went to a window, read it over a few times, and exclaimed, "I have it; it is already completed, and will be quite good."

G. T. Ferris *'Appleton's Journal' 1876*

THE German Volkslied, as the exponent of the popular heart, has a wide range: from mere comment on historical events, and quaint, droll satire, such as might be found in Hans Sachs, to the grand protest against spiritual bondage which makes the burden of Luther's hymn, 'Ein' feste Burg.' But nowhere is the beauty of the German song so marked as in those Lieder treating of love, deeds of arms, and the old mystic legends so dear to the German heart. Tieck writes of the "Minnesinger period:" "Believers sang of faith; lovers, of love; knights described knightly actions and battles, and loving, believing knights were their chief audiences. The spring, beauty, gaiety,

were objects that could never tire; great duels and deeds of arms carried away every hearer, the more surely the stronger they were painted; and as the pillars and dome of the church encircled the flock, so did Religion, as the highest, encircle poetry and reality, and every heart in equal love humbled itself before her."

A similar spirit has always inspired the popular German songs, a simple and beautiful reverence for the unknown, the worship of heroism, a vital sympathy with the various manifestations of nature. Without the fire of the French *chansons*, the sonorous grace of the Tuscan *stornelli*, these artless ditties, with their exclusive reliance on true feeling, possess an indescribable charm.

The German Lied always preserved its characteristic beauty. Goethe, and the great school of lyric poets clustered around him, simply perfected the artistic form, without departing from the simplicity and soulfulness of the stock from which it came. Had it not been for the rich soil of popular song, we should not have had the peerless lyrics of modern Germany. Had it not been for the poetic inspiration of such word-makers as Goethe and Heine, we should not have had such music-makers in the sphere of song as Schubert and Franz.

The songs of these masters appeal to the interest and admiration of the world, then, not merely in virtue of musical beauty, but in that they are the most vital outgrowths of Teutonic nationality and feeling.

The immemorial melodies to which the popular songs of Germany were set display great simplicity of rhythm, even monotony, with frequent recurrence of the minor key, so well adapted to express the melancholy tone of many of the poems. The strictly strophic treatment is used; or, in other words, the repetition of the melody of the first stanza in all the succeeding ones. The chasm between this and the varied form of the artistic modern song is deep and wide, yet it was overleaped in a single swift bound by the remarkable genius of Franz Schubert, who, although his compositions were many and matchless of their kind, died all too young; for, as the inscription on his tombstone pathetically has it, he was "rich in what he gave, richer in what he promised."

The great masters of the last century tried their hands in the domain of song with only comparative success, partly because they did not fully realize the nature of this form of art, partly because they could not limit the sweep of the creative power within such narrow limits. Schubert was a revelation to his countrymen in his musical treatment of subjective passion, in his instinctive command over condensed epigrammatic expression. . . . The genius of Schubert seems to have been directly formed for the expression of subjective emotion in music. That his life should have been simultaneous with the perfect unfolding of the old Volkslied in the superb lyrics of Goethe, Heine, and their school is quite remarkable. Poetry and song clasped hands on the same lofty summits of genius. Liszt has given to our composer the title of *le musicien le plus poétique*, which very well expresses his place in art.

In the song as created by Schubert and transmitted to his successors, there are three forms, the first of which is that of the simple Lied, with one unchanged melody. A good example of this is the setting of Goethe's 'Haideröslein,' which is full of quaint grace and simplicity. A second and more elaborate method is what the Germans call "through-composed," in which all the different feelings are successively embodied in the changes of the melody, the sense of unity being preserved by the treatment of the accompaniment, or the recurrence of the principal motive at the close of the song. Two admirable models of this are found in the 'Lindenbaum' and 'Serenade.'

The third and finest art-method, as applied by Schubert to lyric music, is the "declamatory." In this form we detect the consummate flower of the musical lyric. The vocal part is lifted into a species of passionate chant, full of dramatic fire and color, while the accompaniment, which is extremely elaborate, furnishes a most picturesque setting. The genius of the composer displays itself here fully as much as in the vocal treatment. When the lyric feeling rises to its climax it expresses itself in the crowning melody, this high tide of the music and poetry being always in unison. As masterpieces of this form may be cited 'Die Stadt' and 'Der Erlkönig,' which stand far beyond any other works of the same nature in the literature of music.

Kenyon West *'The Outlook' 1897*

N Schubert's work there is not only surpassing charm, lyrical beauty, wealth of idea and of melody, great dramatic truth and range, but life, movement, freedom. There is nothing forced or artificial about it. He sings as the bird sings, from an irresistible impulse. The bird never sings because it ought, but because it must. And when it has nothing to sing about it is silent. Schubert's inspiration is as natural and spontaneous. His compositions belong to every department of music: opera, masses, piano-pieces, chamber-music, symphonies, songs. There are, of course, degrees of beauty and differences of value in all this music, but everything possesses that peculiar Schubertian quality which is as exquisite as it is indefinable. Schubert's individuality, his unlikeness to any other musician, is one of his supreme distinctions. . . . In one department of music Schubert showed a perfect command of form, perfect adjustment of details, perfect unity of idea, and its progressive and artistic development. As the sonnet form was good for Keats, putting a necessary restraint upon his imagination, caging within "sober limits" bursts of delight or sorrow, grandeur or charm of imagery, so was the song good for a prodigal and discursive genius like that of Schubert. The song demands precisely that compactness of thought, that unity, which is so highly impressive. Even in the different cycles of songs which Schubert chose to set to music—a form, by the way, original with him—his natural tendency to expand

did not find encouragement. Each song in the cycle is a perfect, exquisite gem, and yet a certain continuity of thought, or of aspiration, or of scene, binds them all together into one beautiful whole. . . . In the field of song Schubert has no rival, not even Schumann or Franz. However artistically Schumann, Franz, Brahms, and others have developed the song, they but carried out the principles Schubert was the first to discover and unfold.

No one can fully appreciate the value of Schubert's service without reference to the history of the song—its growth from the simplest, most primitive expression of human emotion to the more varied works of bards and minnesingers, troubadours and minstrels, on through the strophic Volkslieder; thence by degrees to the higher art-form whose infinite capacity Schubert was the first to recognize. Before Schubert, the song, in spite of its beauty, was, with very few exceptions, limited in range; the accompaniments were for the most part of the simplest description or were not an integral part of the whole, while the general structure was lacking in dramatic fitness, in harmony with the demands of the words. Schubert appropriated that which was best in the national song, elaborated it, idealized it, made it over into a fairer, sweeter, larger form.

Entering with the strength and passion of a true poet into the meaning of the poetry he chose to set, feeling with the mood of the poet, thrilled by the same emotion, he reproduced it with vivid and striking power in his music, the vocal parts being intensified by peculiarly rich and highly developed accompaniments. We are again confronted by the difficulty of definition. But one secret of Schubert's power in the song is that he seems to have a musical expression for every kind and variety of emotion of which the human heart is capable. Beautiful melodies, frequent and unexpected modulations, even occasional dissonances, form his means of expression. He so entered into the spirit of the poems by Goethe and other poets that he seized at once, by divine intuition, the most characteristic and fitting music for them. With glorious freedom and insight he followed the changes in the thought or the action of the poetry. Then, too, nature's aspect and changes find glorious expression. Schubert's songs are among the finest examples of what is called descriptive music. His tone-painting, his coloring, is both wonderful and varied. There are magnificent contrasts, not only between the different songs, but often between the individual parts of the same song.

In the music to over six hundred poems it is obvious that there must be degrees of power and beauty. Schubert often chose poor poems as subjects, chiefly because they were written by his friends; and one reason why his operas did not succeed better was because of the comparatively trivial character of his words. But when a truly great poem was chosen, then Schubert's genius shone magnificently. In a ballad like 'The Erl-King' he rose to a grand height; but after the first enthusiasm of youth was passed, the supernatural, or the legendary, the romantic, that which is concerned with the remote and shadowy past rather than the experiences

of the present, and which forms the subject of the ballad rather than the song, does not have the same attraction for Schubert as for Carl Loewe. Loewe, by the imaginative grasp and dramatic strength of his ballads, is the chief representative of that branch of musical art. For instance, contrast Loewe's treatment of 'Edward' and 'The Fisherman' with Schubert's, and see how Schubert suffers by the comparison. Schubert's genius was essentially lyrical. Humanity, with its longing, its stress of soul, its suffering, its pathetic joys, was to him the most vivid and compelling. His music is the most distinctive and beautiful which expresses this personal feeling in all its varied phases and its depth of tenderness.

John Fiske *'Famous Composers and Their Works'*

THE German Lied (i. e., Lay) was originally a Volkslied (i. e., Folk's Lay), or popular melody. The merit of popular melody lies largely in its spontaneity. In German popular melody, from the oldest times, the merit of beauty has been added to that of spontaneity, inasmuch as the Germans, like the Slavs, are naturally musical in a sense in which English-speaking people are not. No German-speaking people would tolerate for a national air such a tune as 'Yankee Doodle.' In the plainest German folk-song may be found spontaneous simplicity without vulgarity. Hence the Volkslied has been available as a source of melodic suggestiveness to German composers. It is one such chief source, the Gregorian chant being the other. To the presence of this folk-song element we may largely ascribe the far higher poetic quality of German classical music as compared with the more prosaic musical declamation of the modern French and Italians.

But as the earlier German composers subjected the Volkslied to elaborate contrapuntal treatment, while on the one hand they added to its range and depth of expression, on the other hand they deprived it to some extent of its indescribable charm. Artistic music began to be divorced from the Volkslied, and with the advance of musical education the latter seemed to be falling into decay. But with the revival of German literature, which dates from Lessing, there began a new development of national spirit among Germans, of which we have seen the culmination in our own time. One of the early symptoms was the introduction of the Volkslied element into poetry by Herder and Goethe. About the same time we find the same element appearing in the thematic treatment of symphonies, sonatas, and string quartets by Haydn and Mozart, especially in the adagios. In Mozart's songs there is a great development in dramatic treatment, as, for example, in 'Unglückliche Liebe.' The nearest approach made by Mozart to the kind of song afterward developed by Schubert was probably in 'Das Veilchen,' the only one of his songs set to Goethe's words. As Mozart was preëminently a musical dramatist, so was Beethoven first and foremost a symphonist; and in his songs the most noticeable new feature is the enrichment of the harmonies and the

profound increase of significance in the instrumental accompaniments. We see this in the magnificent 'Adelaide,' which, however, resembles an aria rather than a genuine Lied. In some parts of Beethoven's exquisite cycle, 'An die ferne Geliebte,' he comes nearer to the Schubertian form of song.

Now in Schubert all the elements of intensity, power, and poetical depth in song are found united as never before in such perfection or on such a scale. The breadth and vigor of dramatic treatment, the profound and subtle harmonic changes, the accumulation of effect by the rhythm and sometimes by the independent melodic themes of the accompaniment, are all to be found in his songs; and at the same time the perfect spontaneity and the indescribable poetic fragrance of the Volkslied are fully preserved. Utterances that spring from the depth of the human soul are clothed in the highest forms of art without losing their naïveté. We must thus rank Schubert among the most consummate masters of expression the world has ever seen. His songs represent the high-water mark of human achievement in one direction, as Beethoven's symphonies represent it in another. All subsequent composers, begining with Mendelssohn and Schumann, have been pupils of Schubert in song-writing, but no one has yet equaled the master. Mendelssohn's songs, while perfect in form and bewitching for grace, are far inferior to Schubert's in intensity of passion. On the other hand, Schumann has written some songs—such as 'Frühlingsnacht,' 'Ich grolle nicht,' the 'Frauenliebe' cycle, and others—which for concentrated fire, as well as for original and magnificent harmonies, almost surpass those of Schubert; but in wealth of imagination, in spontaneity and variety, he remains distinctly inferior to his master.

In thus carrying the Lied to the highest point of development it has yet reached, Schubert became one of the chief sources of inspiration for modern music in all its departments. The influence of his conception of the Lied is to be seen in all his most highly developed and characteristic writing for piano, for orchestra, and for chorus. In his earlier symphonies, quartets, and sonatas he was strongly influenced by his study of Mozart, and his own individuality is by no means so strongly asserted as in his songs. If the sonata form of expression were as easily caught as the simple song form, this need not have been the case. After Schubert had mastered the sonata form so that it became for him as easy a vehicle of spontaneous expression as the Lied, his sonatas and symphonies became strongly characteristic and replete with originality. This is exemplified in his eighth and tenth symphonies, in his piano sonatas, opus 42 and opus 78, and in his later chamber-music. In such compositions he simply worked with the forms perfected by Beethoven, and did nothing to extend them. But his musical individuality, saturated with the Lied, impressed upon these noble works features that have influenced all later instrumental music, imparting to it a more romantic character. As Mr. Paine observes, "We are constantly surprised by the sudden and abrupt modulations, rhythmical effects of melody and accompaniment, which we call Schubert's,

that give variety and life to his movements. The 'Unfinished Symphony' in B-minor is perhaps the most noteworthy in these respects; it is the epitome of his genius, and well typifies his own unfinished but perfect life."

In similar wise, in his smaller works for piano—his impromptus, "moments musicals," dances, marches, variations, etc.—we see the marked influence of the Lied. The impromptu in G-major, opus 90, for example, is a "song without words." In piano music, not only Mendelssohn and Schumann, but also Chopin, drew copious inspiration from Schubert, who thus stands as one of the principal founders of the modern imaginative and romantic schools.

Robert Schumann — *'Music and Musicians'*

IF fertility be a distinguishing mark of genius, then Franz Schubert is a genius of the highest order. Not much over thirty when he died, he wrote an astonishing number of things. Among all his works, his songs attained the quickest and widest celebrity; he would have gradually set the whole German literature to music; he was the man for Telemann, who claimed that "a good composer should be able to set wall-advertisements to music." Whatever he felt flowed forth in music.

Anton Rubinstein — *'Music and Its Masters'*

A REMARKABLE personality in music is Schubert. While one can discern in all others (even in the greatest) some preparation, he appears to be entirely original, and just as much so in vocal as in instrumental music. He creates a new lyric, the lyric-romantic in music; before him the Lied was either the naïve couplet, or the tedious ballade, stiff, dry, with recitative, with tiresome cantilena, scholastic form, shallow accompaniment, and so forth. He creates the "Stimmungs lied," which comes from the heart and reaches the heart—the musical poem of a poetic theme, the melody which explains the words; he creates a branch of art in which, indeed, much has been produced after him that is very beautiful, but nevertheless cannot vie with his work.

The Editor — *Critical Summary*

SCHUBERT undoubtedly carried the song to a far higher pitch of perfection than it had ever attained before him—so much so that he may justly be called "the father of the song," as Bach is called "the father of the fugue," and Haydn "the father of the symphony." By virtue of a richer inheritance of means than any of his predecessors had had, and of a gift of spontaneous lyrical melody never excelled, he carried the song beyond the em-

bryonic, experimental stage, establishing it as a perfected and mature artistic form.

In respect of expression—which is the critical matter in song—Schubert advanced beyond all previous composers in two different directions. He consequently exerted on those who followed him a twofold influence. In the first place, he sought, and attained, a greater dramatic power, a more thorough and more minute adjustment of the music to the text, than had ever been reached before. It was this quality of dramatic power and appropriateness that made his descriptive songs, of which 'The Erl-King' and 'The Wanderer' are examples, so notable. In such songs he followed his text with an almost finical exactness. The music actually describes the events and the objects mentioned by the words. We hear the galloping horse in the accompaniment of 'The Erl-King;' we feel the terror of the child in those tense, shrill dissonances. In this aspect of his work Schubert was what has become known as a "tone-painter:" he used music to delineate the real world of matter and action, and sought to represent each line of the text in a suitable phrase of music.

On the other hand, in his purely lyrical songs, such as 'Hark! Hark! the Lark,' 'By the Sea,' 'My Sweet Repose,' and 'Who is Sylvia?' (to name but a few out of scores), his advance was equally great, though his aim was more general and in a sense more artistic. In songs of the purely lyrical character the minute shades of description in the words are ignored, while their general atmosphere, their fundamental motive, their animating mood, is admirably reflected and intensified by the music. Here, of course, pure musical beauty rather than minute delineation is the ideal, and is attainable in proportion as such delineation, which inevitably interrupts and breaks into fragments the melodic flow, is neglected. Schubert was artist enough to strive, in his pure lyrics, for pure effects—for symmetry and proportion in the complete structure, for logical rather than surprising harmony; in a word, for unity and simple beauty in all the elements of effect. And he succeeded so well that his finest lyrics will always remain among the most precious possessions of music.

In both the dramatic and the lyric styles Schubert gave an impulse to song-writing that has persisted even to the present day. The ballads of Loewe, a few of Schumann's songs, many of Liszt's, and many of Dr. Richard Strauss's, apply still further the scheme of minute delineation that we find in 'The Erl-King.' Most of Schumann's wonderfully beautiful songs, on the other hand, and practically all of Franz's, Brahms's, Grieg's, Dvořák's, and M. Gabriel Fauré's, continue the lyrical tradition. Thus it will be seen that Schubert still exerts a potent influence in lyrical music, and that he has helped to inspire even those composers who have in some respects excelled him.

The modern critic can hardly uphold the view that Schubert is still the king of song-writers.[1] His over-fluency of expression, his lack of self-criticism and of the compression, cleanness, and compactness it brings,

[1] See above, page 7.

his occasional sentimentality, and a certain monotony and mannerism of style, have proved elements of impermanence in his work. He has in many ways failed to bear the test of time. As art progresses in definiteness, logical force, and plastic variety, taste undergoes a parallel progress, becoming more vigorous, less tolerant of redundancies, flabbiness of texture, irritating idiosyncrasies of manner. It becomes less willing to ignore the weaknesses of a genial but discursive imagination. New and more compact types of expression afford a touchstone by which all that is not vital is ruthlessly exhibited.

Schumann, who was a young contemporary of Schubert, put him at a certain disadvantage by his superior intensity, terseness, and force. Schumann's songs are more passionate, more imaginative, and more profound than Schubert's; there is less of triteness, less of conventionality, in them, because they are the product of a deeper and a more individual nature. Their modernity of accent makes Schubert sound, by comparison, old-fashioned. Again, Robert Franz, and in our own day Grieg and Fauré, brought to the writing of songs a more delicate and fastidious sense of formal perfection than Schubert possessed; their songs are more finely drawn, more cleanly modeled, than his. Brahms, too, by his austere and noble genius, has so raised the potency and dignity of lyrical expression that to those who are familiar with his elevated style Schubert often sounds colloquial and over-naïve. And very recently Richard Strauss has introduced into song-writing, by his radical but immensely expressive use of harmony, a mystical atmosphere that one looks for vainly in Schubert.

Yet, in spite of all comparisons, Schubert retains and constantly vindicates afresh his vitality. Schumann may be more impassioned and noble; Franz more scholarly and elegant; Brahms more profound; Grieg more delicate; Fauré more subtle; and Strauss more mystical. But Schubert remains, nevertheless, the father of them all. Nor is his importance merely a historical one. So long as human feeling and its eloquent expression are prized in life and art Schubert's best songs will be loved by the layman as well as studied by the musician.

THE WORKS OF SCHUBERT

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

AS was done in the case of Franz's songs,[1] the original German texts of these songs of Schubert will be given in the following notes, so that those readers who are interested may study the nicety of adjustment between text and music. Schubert often changes his music with almost every phrase of his text.

[1] See MASTERS IN MUSIC, Part 14.

I. 'The Erl-King' *Opus 1*

ERLKÖNIG

Ballade von J. W. von Goethe

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in der Arm,
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?
Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?
Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.

„Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;
Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand;
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand."

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?
Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.

„Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn,
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein,
Sie wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein."

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?
Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh' es genau;
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.

Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt.
Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids gethan!

Dem Vater grausset's, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh' und Noth;
In seinem Armen das Kind war todt.

SCHUBERT wrote his famous and universally popular 'Erl-King' in 1815, when he was a hard-worked school-teacher of eighteen. In that one year he wrote no less than one hundred and thirty-seven songs. Regarding the manner in which 'The Erl-King' was composed Schubert's friend Spaun writes as follows:

"One afternoon I went with Mayrhofer to Schubert, who was living at that time with his father in the Himmelpfortgrunde. We found Schubert, all aglow, reading 'The Erl-King' aloud from a book. He walked up and down the room several times, book in hand, then suddenly sat down and, as fast as his pen could travel, put the splendid ballad on paper. As he had no piano, we hurried over to the Convict, and there 'The Erl-King' was sung the same evening, and received with enthusiasm. The old court-organist Ruziczka then played it over, without the voice, in all parts carefully and appreciatively, and was deeply impressed by the composition. When some of those present objected to a dissonance that occurs repeatedly, Ruziczka struck those chords and explained how inevitable they seemed in view of the text, and how fine, and how happily they were resolved."

The dissonances referred to occur in the second measure of the second system on page 20, in the fourth measure of the third system on page 21, and in the fourth measure of the fourth system on page 22. They are indeed remarkable for the poignancy with which they express the horror the poor boy feels for the ghostly Erl-King. Notable, also, is the climax in their effect obtained by making each one a tone higher than the last. When, the third time, the voice takes the F-flat one can hardly suppress a shudder. The effect of these dissonances is further increased by their contrast with the simple harmonization of the passages that precede them, in which the Erl-King coaxes the child to come with him.

The whole song is a masterpiece of dramatic intensity of expression, from the beginning, where the agitated mood is at once suggested by the repeated triplets of the accompaniment, to the final declaimed "But in his arms his child lay dead," so simple and yet so impressive.

"Schubert's whole atmosphere," writes Mr. Henry T. Finck, "is dramatic. The coaxing Erl-King, the terrified child, the soothing father, have each a language of their own, different from the narrative. And how realistically the piano impersonates the horse with those incessant galloping triplets. But the climax lies in the dissonances."

When we consider how popular this dramatic quality has made 'The Erl-King,' it seems strange that Schubert should have been unable to find a publisher for it. He tried in vain for six years to get any one to print it, and finally, in 1821, his friends had it printed by subscription. The whole story of Schubert's relations with publishers is a melancholy one. Even after his reputation was established he sold his songs for almost nothing. For six of the beautiful 'Winter Journey' songs he received but twenty cents apiece. The publishers, on the contrary, coined money on his productions. One song alone, 'The Wanderer,' is said to have earned for its publishers, in forty years, about 27,000 florins.

II. "By the Sea" — *Number 12 of the 'Swan-songs'*

AM MEER

Gedicht von H. Heine

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus
In letzten Abendscheine,
Wir sassen am einsamen Fischerhaus,
Wir sassen stumm und alleine.

Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwoll,
Die Möve flog hin und wieder;
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll,
Fielen die Thränen nieder.

Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand,
Und bin auf's Knie gesunken,
Ich hab von deiner weissen Hand
Die Thränen fort getrunken.

Seit jener Stunde verzehrt sich mein Leib,
Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen;
Mich hat das unglücksel'ge Weib
Vergiftet mit ihren Thränen.

THIS wonderful song was written but three months before Schubert's death. He wrote, in August, 1828, many fine songs which were brought out, after his death, by Haslinger the publisher, under the title of 'Swan-songs.' 'By the Sea' is the twelfth of these. 'By the Sea' is an example of a very different type of song from the dramatic type represented by 'The Erl-King.' There is little obvious dramatic effect in it, little attempt to delineate special scenes or emotions indicated by the words. Yet its whole atmosphere is marvelously colored and permeated with emotion. "Listen," says Mr. Philip Hale, "to the few chords that introduce and close 'Am Meer.' They at once suggest a mood. They speak of the sea at nightfall. And yet how simple the main accompaniment, how simple the structure of the song itself!" How ineffably appealing, too, is the melodic and harmonic setting of the lines, "Sweet one, I saw thee crying," and "Those feverish tears I tasted." Compared to such truly musical effects as these,

the means of expression used in 'The Erl-King' seem cheap and theatrical. The two songs are indeed a complete commentary, in little, on the difference between dramatic and "pure" music.

'By the Sea' should be played and sung with the utmost simplicity, sincerity, and dignity.

III. 'Hark! Hark! the Lark' — *Written in 1826*

THE text of 'Hark! Hark! the Lark' is a lyric in Shakespeare's 'Cymbeline.' "The singer," says Thoreau, "can easily move us to tears or laughter, but where is he who can express a pure morning joy?" Schubert surely succeeds, in this lovely song, in expressing "a pure morning joy." Its fresh, upwelling, spontaneous melody, its clear, crystalline harmony, its rhythmic energy and spring, are unique even in the pages of the most genial of song-writers. It is a true matin-song, full of auroral light and purity.

The story of its composition goes that Schubert picked up a copy of Shakespeare in a tavern, and immediately cried out for music paper, that he might write down "a lovely melody that had come into his head." A friend ruled some staves on the back of the bill of fare, and in a few moments the song was copied. This account of its origin can readily be believed, so complete and perfect is its inspiration.

IV. "Serenade" — *Number 4 of the 'Swan-songs'*

STÄNDCHEN

von L. Rellstab

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht [repeated].
Des Verräthers feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht [repeated].

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen dich,
Mit der Töne süssen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz [repeated],
Rühren mit den Silbertönen,
Jedes weiche Herz [repeated].

Lass auch dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich dir entgegen!
Komm, beglücke mich [repeated].

"SCHUBERT'S Serenade"—the phrase is almost a household word, so familiar and popular has the piece become. It is sung in thousands of German, English, and American households, and piped and thrummed by flute and harp in as many restaurants and cafés. The air is indeed graceful and pleasing, and the sentiment naïve and sincere; and there are some charming Schubertian effects of harmony in it, as, for instance, the change from minor to major in the first system on page 30. Nevertheless, there is an element of facile sentimentality about it that makes it far inferior to such fault-

less gems as 'By the Sea' and 'Hark! Hark! the Lark;' so that Mr. Elson is right in saying: "Schubert's songs are not appreciated to their full extent in America, where the musical *bonbon*, the Serenade, is too often held to be the greatest of the songs of this composer." Appreciation of Schubert's songs may well begin with the Serenade, but it should not stop there.

V. 'The Wanderer' — *Opus 4, No. 1*

DER WANDERER

Gedicht von Schmidt von Lübeck

Ich komme vom Gebirge her,
Es dampft das Thal, es braust das Meer,
es braust das Meer.

Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer wo?
immer wo?

Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,
Die Blüthe welk, das Leben alt.
Und was sie reden leerer Schall,
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall.

Wo bist du, wo bist du, mein geliebtes Land?
Gesucht, geahnt, und nie gekannt.

Das Land, das Land so hoffnungs grün,
so hoffnungs grün,
Das Land, wo meine Rosen blühn,
Wo meine Freunde wandelnd gehn,
Wo meine Todten auferstehn,
Das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,
O Land, wo bist du?

Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer wo?
immer wo?
Im Geisterhauch tönt's mir zurück:
Dort wo du nicht bist, dort ist das Glück.

'THE Wanderer,' conceived in the same general style as 'The Erl-King,' was written one year later, in 1816, and has become one of the most popular of Schubert's more dramatic songs. The attempt throughout to delineate with minute particularity the feeling suggested by each line of the text leads to a miscellaneousness which, from the musical standpoint, is bad. No sooner is one melody started than it gives place to another, intended to voice more accurately the mood of the text. Dramatically this is well enough, but it leads to fragmentariness in the final musical effect. For this reason 'The Wanderer' can hardly be said to equal 'The Erl-King' even in its own class; and it certainly cannot be compared with such a song as 'Hark! Hark! the Lark,' save to its own great disadvantage.

VI. 'My Sweet Repose' — *Opus 59, No. 3*

DU BIST DIE RUH

Gedicht von Fr. Rückert

Du bist die Ruh, der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du, und was sie stillt.
Ich weihe dir voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung heir mein Aug' und Herz,
mein Aug' und Herz.

Kehr ein bei mir, und schliesse du
Still hinter dir die Pforten zu.
Treib' andern Schmerz aus dieser Brust!
Voll sei dies Herz von deiner Lust,
von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt, von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt, O füll' es ganz,
O füll' es ganz.
[Last three lines repeated.]

PERHAPS the most striking feature in this uniformly beautiful song is the graceful cadence which ends each stanza. The F-natural which begins this cadence (page 38, the second measure) is all the more delightful for being so unexpected after the F-sharp previously heard. Note also the effectiveness of the full measure rest at the bottom of page 39, after which we have again the same fascinating cadence.

VII. 'The Trout' — *Opus 32*

DIE FORELLE

Gedicht von Chr. Fr. D. Schubart

In einem Bächlein helle, da schoss in froher Eil'
Die launische Forelle vorüber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade und sah in süsser Ruh'
Des muntern Fischleins Bade im klaren Bächlein zu [repeated].

Ein Fischer mit der Ruthe wohl an dem Ufer stand
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang dem Wasser Helle, so dacht' ich, nicht gebricht,
So fängt er die Forelle mit seiner Angel nicht [repeated].

Doch endlich wart dem Diebe die Zeit zu lang,
Er macht das Bächlein tückisch trübe, und eh' ich es gedacht,
So zuckte seine Ruthe, das Fischlein [das Fischlein] zappelt d'ran;
Und ich mit regem Blute, sah die Betrog'ne an [repeated].

THIS well-known song is a comparatively early one, having been composed in 1817. On the manuscript copy of it Schubert wrote to a friend: "Dearest friend,—I am delighted to hear that you like my songs. As a proof of my sincere friendship I here send you another one, which I have just now written at Anselm Hüttenbrenner's, at midnight."

The charmingly simple and Volkslied-like melody was later used by Schubert as the theme of some well-known variations in one of his quintets.

The accompaniment, which is rather difficult, may perhaps be fancifully imagined to suggest the leaping and gliding of the trout, and should be played with much spring and elasticity.

VIII. 'Who is Sylvia?' — *Opus 106, No. 4*

THE text is from Shakespeare's 'Two Gentlemen of Verona.' 'Who is Sylvia?' was written in July, 1826, at the same time as 'Hark! Hark! the Lark' and another song from Shakespeare. It is one of the loveliest melodies Schubert ever conceived, with its perfectly simple phraseology, its delightful imitations of the voice in the accompaniment (measures 11 and 18 on page 45), and its broad, impressive conclusion.

The accompanist should take care not only to bring out the echoes just mentioned, but also to outline clearly against the steady chords of the right hand the staccato basses of the left.

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF SCHUBERT

I. CHORAL. SECULAR. Seven operas, three operettas, singspiels, etc., none of which are now performed. Incidental music to 'Rosamunde.' Several cantatas, etc. SACRED. Six masses, and many smaller works.

II. VOCAL. Over seventy part-songs, for various combinations of voices. Over four hundred and fifty single songs, with piano accompaniment.

III. ORCHESTRAL. Ten symphonies, of which the best are the 'Unfinished' (No. 8) and the C-major (No. 10). Seven overtures. Various dances, etc.

IV. CONCERTOS. One for violin and orchestra.

V. CHAMBER-MUSIC. One octet for strings; one for wind; one pianoforte quintet; one string quintet; twenty string quartets; two pianoforte trios; sonata for piano, violin, and violoncello; many small pieces for violin and piano.

VI. PIANOFORTE. Twenty-one sonatas; moments musicals, impromptus, ländlers, waltzes, and other dances. Much music for four hands.

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I. THE 'ERL-KING'

OPUS 1

his young child; He clasp'd his boy close with his fond
arm, And clos - er, clos-er to keep him warm.
f
"Dear son, what makes thy sweet face grow so
pp
cresc.
white?" "See, fa - ther, 'tis the Erl - King in
f
(pp)
sight! The Erl - King stands there with crown and
mf
p
mf

shroud!" "Dear son, it is some mist-y cloud."
"Thou dear - - - est boy, wilt
decresc.
pp
come with me? And man - - - - y
games I'll play with thee; Where
va - - - - ried blos - - soms grow on the

wold, And my moth - - er hath man - - y a robe of
gold." "Dear fa - ther, my fa - ther, say, did'st thou not
f
hear The Erl-King whisper so low in mine ear?" "Be
p
decresc.
tran-quil, then be tran-quil, my child, 'Mong with-er'd leaves the wind blow-eth
wild." "Wilt come, proud boy, wilt thou come with me? Where my
pp

beau - teous daugh - ter doth wait for thee; With my daugh - ter thou'lt join in the
dance ev - 'ry night, She'll lull thee with sweet songs to give thee de-light, And
lull thee with sweet songs to give thee de - light."
"Dear fa - ther, my
f
fa - ther, And can'st thou not trace The Erl-King's daughter in
yon dark place?"
"Dear son, dear son,
decresc.
p

form you there see Is on - ly the hol - low grey wil - low
cresc.
tree."
"I
ff
p
love thee well, with me thou shalt ride on my course. And if thou'rt un -
pp
will - ing, I'll seize thee by force!" "Oh, fa - ther! my
ff
w
- ther! thy child clos - er clasp, Erl - King hath
sf
sf

seiz'd me with i - - - cy grasp!" His
sf sf sf sf
f
accel.
fa - - ther shud - der'd. His pace grew more wild, He
cresc.
held to his bo - som his poor swoon - ing child.
ff
He reach'd the house with toil and
sf sf
recit.
dread, But in his arms, lo! his child lay c
fp pp p pp

II. BY THE SEA

NUMBER 12 OF THE 'SWAN-SONGS'

Molto lento.
Be - fore us glanc'd the wide-spread sea, With eve's last rays in -
p
pp
molto legato
vest - ed. We sat in the des - o - late fish - ing hut A - lone, and si - lent - ly rest - ed.
pp
The mist a-rose. the waters heav'd A - round us the sea - gull
pp
cresc.
I gaz'd up - on thy beauteous eyes — Sweet one, I saw thee
w
- ther! th
cresc.
pp

cry - ing. The tears fell fast on thy dar - ling hand. And low be-side thee
pp
pp
kneel - ing, From that white hand I sipp'd a - way The tear-drops o'er it steal - ing.
pp
With fa - tal longing consum'd from that hour, My
pp
cresc.
soul and bod - y wast - ed; They had, a - las! a pois'n-ous
p
decresc.
pp
ev t - - ty is, My
pp

III. 'HARK! HARK! THE LARK'

rise: His steeds to wa-ter at those springs On chal - ic'd flow'rs that
lies, On chal-ic'd flow'rs that lies! And wink - ing Ma - ry -
buds be - gin To ope their gold - en eyes; With
ev - ty is, My La - dy sweet, a -

rise, With ev - 'ry - thing that pret - ty is, My
cresc.
f
decresc.
La - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, My
cresc.
f
decresc.
La - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a -
cresc.
f
decresc.
rise, My La - dy sweet, ous eyes — Sweet one, I sa
pp
p
Dal Segno

IV. SERENADE

NUMBER 4 OF THE 'SWAN-SONGS'

Moderato.
pp
Warm en-treat-ies, gen-tly pleading, Thro' the night to thee,
Say while all is calm and si - lent, Dear - est come to me!
Whis-p'ring branch-es soft-ly mur-mur In the moon-light
pp

clear; In the moon-light clear; None may watch thee, none can harm thee.
Wherefore dost thou fear? Wherefore dost thou fear?
pp
Hear the Night - in - gale so ten-der, Would her strain were thine!

Ev-'ry note, la-ment-ing ech-os Some fond sigh of mine.
Ah! she knows the lov-er's wish-es, Mourns when hope de-part,
pp
Mourns when hope de-part, Mov-ing with her sil-v'ry ca-dence Ev-'ry droop-ing
heart, Ev-'ry droop-ing heart. Let thy pit-y then re-store me,
cresc.

Dear - est, art thou near?
'Ah! I trem - ble lest I lose thee!
Come and bless me here!
Come and bless me here! and bless me here!
dim.

V. 'THE WANDERER'

OPUS 4, NO. 1

peace. My joys di - min - ish, woes in - crease, woes in -
pp
crease. The sun's warm rays to me feel cold, My life's young days seem
pp
grow - ing old, The bloom - ing flow - ers dead and sere, I feel, a strang - er
Più mosso.
ev - 'ry where. Where art thou? where art thou? my be - lov - ed home. I
pp
mf

turn to thee, where e'er I
p
pp
Allegro.
roam. It makes my ver-y heart expand, my heart expand, To
fp
f
think of thee my na - tive land, Thy cliffs so white, thy hills so blue, Where
p
cresc.
blooms the rose and li - ly too, And ear - ly friends with hearts so true. Oh!
f

Tempo I.
land, where art thou? A spi - rit's
fp
fp
pp
dim.
warn - ing voice I hear, It whis - pers soft - ly in my
ear, in my ear, Soon shalt thou quit life's troubled wave, And find thy
pp
home in the si - lent grave.
fp

VI. 'MY SWEET REPOSE'

OPUS 59, NO. 3

Andante.
pp
Thou art sweet Peace and tran - quil
pp
rest, I long for thee to soothe my breast;
I ded - i - cate, 'mid joys and sighs, Thy dwell - ing

in my heart and eyes. my heart and eyes.
pp
Come, then. to me, and close the door, And nev - er,
nev - er leave me more; Chase ev - 'ry pain

from out this breast, Calm - ing this heart to joy - ful
rest, to joy - ful rest.
Let thy pure light My
glance con - trol; With lus - tre bright.
cresc.
f
1
1

Fill thou my soul, Fill thou my soul!
pp
Let thy pure light My glance con - trol With
cresc.
lus - tre bright. Fill thou my soul,
pp
f
pp
Fill thou my soul!

VII. 'THE TROUT'

OPUS 32

Poco moderato.
dimin.
p
pp
p
A streamlet clear and sun - - ny With
rip - ples all a - bout, Was once the bath for bon - - ny For
gen - tle lit - tle trout. On shore I stood ob - serv - - ing With
ex - qui - site de - light, The hap - py lit - tle crea - - ture, It

was a pret-ty sight; The hap - py lit - tle crea - - ture, it
was a pret-ty sight.
p
A fish - er with his an - - gle Stood
pp
p
al - so on the shore, Hard try - ing to en - tan - - gle The
fish - es more and more. I thought if clear the wa - - ter, Con-

tin - ues round a - bout, The wretch will nev - er cap - - ture My
bon - ny lit - tle trout. Thou'lt nev - er catch, thou var - - let, My
bon - ny lit - tle trout.
p
What did the bus - y - bod - - y, A -
pp
fraid to lose his prey, He made the wa - ter
cresc.
p
cresc.

mud - dy, And with - - out long de - lay, His skil - ful line out -
p
reel - ing He caught the fish, the fish so sweet, I
p
saw with sadden'd feel - - ing The cheat - ed and the cheat; I
saw with sadden'd feel - - ing The cheat - ed and the cheat.
dim.
pp

VIII. 'WHO IS SYLVIA?'

OPUS 106, NO. 4

Moderato.
pp
Who is Syl - via, What is
pp
she, That all our swains com - mend her?
Ho - - - ly, fair and wise is she; The
heav'ns such grace did lend her, That a -
pp

dor - ed she might be, That a - - -
dor - ed she might be.
Is she kind, as
pp
she is fair? For beau - ty lives with kind - ness:
To her eyes love doth re -

pair, — To help him of his blind - ness; And
pp
be - - - ing help'd — in - hab - - - its there, — And
be - - ing help'd in - - - hab - - - its — there.
Then to
pp
Syl - via let us sing, — That Syl - via is ex -

cel - ling,
She ex - cels each
mor - - tal thing
Up - on the dull earth dwell - ing;
To her gar - lands let us
pp
bring
To her gar - lands let us
bring.

MASTERS IN MUSIC

TSCHAÏKOWSKY

BORN 1840 : DIED 1893

PETER ILYITCH TSCHAÏKOWSKY

With his short white hair, carefully trimmed beard and mustache, well-shaped nose, and fine level eye, Tschaïkowsky had a distinction of bearing that would impress an observer anywhere. The delicacy, chivalry, and high breeding of the true gentleman stamped him unmistakably.

PETER ILYITCH

TSCHAÏKOWSKY

BORN 1840: DIED 1893

ONE of the constant temptations of the biographer is that of seizing on some salient trait in his subject, magnifying it beyond all relation to others which supplement or modify it, and portraying an eccentric rather than a rounded personality, a monster rather than a man. Human nature is complex, many-sided, even self-contradictory to any but the most penetrative view, and so slender are the resources of literature for dealing with such a paradox as a man, that writers, resorting to simplification, sacrifice fullness to intelligibility. In books Napoleon is apt to be denied all scruples, Keats all virility, Marcus Aurelius all engaging folly; the real men were probably not so simple. It is certain, at any rate, that Tschaïkowsky, the greatest of Russian musicians, cannot have been the mere incarnation of concentrated gloom that his critics have drawn. Some worthier powers than that of eloquent lamenting must have contributed to mold him. He was not simply a sort of neurasthenic Jeremiah with a faculty for orchestration.

It is only too easy and plausible, to be sure, to label him with one of those insidiously blighting epithets, "neurasthenic," "decadent," or "morbid." He was, in fact, of an unfortunate heredity; his grandfather was epileptic, and his own symptoms pointed to an inherited nervous irritability. He was troubled more or less, all his life, by sleeplessness, fatigue, depression; and in his thirty-seventh year had a complete nervous collapse. But to discredit a man's insight by pointing out his physical misfortunes is as misleading as it is unkind. The fact that Schopenhauer, with whose temperament Tschaïkowsky's had much in common, had some insane and idiotic ancestors, and suffered much from his own unusual sensitiveness, does not in the least abate the truth of his philosophic teaching, though it may call attention to its one-sidedness. And so with the musician: knowledge of his personal twist ought not to make us deaf to whatever is universal in his utterance. We may remember that he reports but one aspect of the truth; but if he reports that truly we may supply the other, and need not carp at the way he got his informa-

tion. And indeed is it not, after all, an artificial circumscription of life to ignore its sadder verities, however moral Pharisees may stigmatize the perception of them as "morbid"? Has not disease, as well as health, its relation to our fortunes? Is not man's weakness an organic part of his strength; his fear, of his courage; his doubt, of his faith? That mere facile optimism which smiles blandly at all experience, with unseeing eyes, is as partial and false as the unrelieved pessimism into which the contemplation of it sometimes drives the sensitive. The world is no more all light than it is all shadow. All human life, with its suffering as well as its happiness, is one, and every sincere human experience has its own weight. And so Tschaïkowsky, in spite of grandfathers and symptoms, has a right to be respectfully heard.

The tendency to depreciate men like Tschaïkowsky and Schopenhauer generally rests on a confusion between what may be called sentimental and rational pessimism. The sentimental pessimist, the weak malcontent, who sees everything through the blue spectacles of egotism, or, like the cuttlefish, muddies his world with a black humor of his own, deserves indeed nothing better than a shrug. Like all other forms of sentimentality, his pessimism is based on selfishness. It is an emanation, not an insight. It is that form of colic, to use the figure of Thoreau, which makes him discover that the world has been eating green apples. Quite different from such a sentimentalist, however, is the sensitive man who feels impersonally the real evils of life. Such a man's experience is viewed by him, not as the end, but as the means of insight. His own pains, however keen, appear to him but as symbols of the universal suffering of humanity, and however much his view may be subjectively jaundiced, it does not terminate in, but only begins with, the petty self. He is not a devotee of the luxury of woe. "A very noble character," says Schopenhauer, "we always conceive with a certain tinge of melancholy in it—a melancholy that is anything but a continual peevishness in view of the daily vexations of life (for such peevishness is an ignoble trait, and arouses suspicions of maliciousness), but rather a melancholy that comes from an insight into the vanity of all joys, and the sorrowfulness of all living, not alone of one's own fortune." And Tschaïkowsky, in describing Beethoven's Choral Symphony, writes, one can see from precisely the same standpoint: "Such joy is not of this earth. It is something ideal and unrealizable; it has nothing in common with this life, but is only a momentary aspiration of humanity towards the holiness which exists only in the world of art and beauty; afterwards, this vale of earth, with its endless sorrow, its agony of doubt and unsatisfied hopes, seems still more gloomy and without issue. In the Ninth Symphony we hear the despairing cry of a great genius who, having irrevocably lost faith in happiness, escapes for a time into the world of unrealizable hopes, into the realm of broken-winged ideals." Now undoubtedly these passages, especially the latter, are guilty of false emphasis; undoubtedly one can truly reply to Tschaïkowsky that the ideal is necessarily fairer than reality, as the flower is

fairer than the soil from which it springs; that "this vale of earth," however gloomy, is not "without issue," since it does in fact produce the ideal world of art and beauty; and that it is precisely the glory of hopes that they are unrealizable, and of happiness that it exists only on a level higher than that of finite life. But, however one-sided may be the opinions expressed, the attitude of mind is free from the taint of petty selfishness; it is frank, open-eyed, and manly. Such utterances proceed only from natures nobly human, however burdened with a greater sensibility than is common among men.

Of the extraordinary sensibility of Tschaïkowsky, his emotional intensity and impetuosity, which, discerning truly, critics have so often falsely interpreted, there can be no doubt. He was the subject and in some ways the victim, of hereditary instability, a tendency, so to speak, to go off at half-cock. In his life no trait comes out more conspicuously, and its association with his powerful intellect, with which it was always at odds, goes far to explain the anomalies and paradoxes of his music. We see it constantly in his acts, where, if we always remember that we are studying a great nature, which must be analyzed respectfully and without vulgar curiosity, we may learn much from observing it.

Peter Ilyitch Tschaïkowsky was born in a small Russian town, Votinsk, on April 25, 1840. As a very small boy he showed his ardent patriotism by kissing the map of Russia, in his atlas, and spitting at the rest of Europe. When his French nurse remonstrated, he explained that he had been careful to cover France with his hand. There already is his temperament—passionate and tender. The Tschaïkowsky family early moved to St. Petersburg, where Peter at first entered the School of Jurisprudence and later obtained a post in the Ministry of Justice. All through his youth he was indolent, popular, fond of society, a graceful amateur who played *salon* pieces at evening parties. That his serious interest in music was first aroused by his cousin's showing him how to "modulate" is rather amusing when we remember the virtuosity and daring of his mature harmonic style. "My cousin said it was possible to modulate from one key to another," he says, "without using more than three chords. This excited my curiosity, and to my astonishment I found that he improvised whatever modulations I suggested, even from quite extraneous keys." In 1861 he wrote to his sister that he was meditating a musical career, but was still in doubt whether he could pursue it successfully. "Perhaps idleness may take possession of me, and I may not persevere." But a little later all doubts had vanished, he had given up his official work, withdrawn from society, and thrown himself with characteristic ardor into his studies. He now sometimes sat up all night working, and Rubinstein, his composition teacher at the Conservatory, tells how on one occasion he submitted no less than two hundred variations of a single theme. He made such good progress that in 1866, a few years after his graduation, he was appointed professor of harmony in the Moscow Conservatory.

From about this time date his first important compositions. "When

first he came to live in Moscow," writes his friend M. Kashkin, "although he was then six-and-twenty, he was still inexperienced and young in many things, especially in the material questions of life; but in all that concerned his work he was already mature, with a particularly elaborate method of work, in which all was foreseen with admirable judgment, and manipulated with the exactitude of the surgeon in operating." M. Kashkin's testimony is a valuable corrective to the wide-spread impression that Tschaïkowsky composed in a mad frenzy of passion. No good work, in art any more than in science, is done without that calm deliberation which his strong mental grasp made possible to him. His early compositions were for the most part operas, and, it must be added, unsuccessful operas. 'The Voievoda,' written in 1866, did not satisfy him, and he burned the score. 'Undine,' composed in 1870, was not accepted by the theatrical authorities, who moreover mislaid the manuscript; Tschaïkowsky, years later, recovered and destroyed it. In 1873 'Snegourotchka,' a ballet, in spite of some musical beauty, failed for lack of dramatic interest. The success of 'Vakula, the Smith,' produced a year later, was ephemeral. Thus it was not until 'The Oprichnik,' which still holds the stage in Russia, was brought out, when Tschaïkowsky was thirty-four, that he made a pronounced success. The persistence with which he continued to labor during these years seems to be overlooked by those who consider him a mere prophet of lassitude and discouragement. Nor would such a man have undertaken and discharged the drudgery of journalistic criticism as did Tschaïkowsky in the four years from 1872 to 1876, when he was writing critiques for the Moscow papers. Whatever fluctuations of mood he may have undergone in these early years, and we may be sure they were many, his outward life was an example of equability, diligence, and patience.

In 1877, however, Tschaïkowsky's health completely broke down. The immediate cause was an unsuitable marriage, which he entered into out of sympathy for a young woman who declared herself in love with him. To his sensitive nature such a relationship, without love, was intolerable. For a long time he was broken and despairing, and through all the rest of his life his mental temper, never bright, was shadowed with a pathological gloom. He left the Conservatory suddenly and was abroad a year. He wrote one of his friends: "On the whole, I am robust; but as regards my soul, there is a wound there that will never heal. I think I am *homme fini*. . . . Something is broken in me; my wings are cut and I shall never fly very high again." He says that had he remained a day longer in Moscow he should have drowned himself, and it is said that he did go so far, in his terrible depression, as to stand up to his chest in the river one frosty September night, "in the hope of literally catching his death of cold, and getting rid of his troubles without scandal."

But he took the better way; indeed, the best years, the quietest and most fruitful years of his life, were yet before him. As robust in character as he was sensitive and impetuous in temperament, he pulled himself to-

gether and wrote in the next year his masterly Fourth Symphony, his best opera, 'Eugene Oniegin,' said to be the second most popular opera in Russia, and many other strong works. He returned also, in the fall of 1878, to his post at the Conservatory, but by the generosity of a friend, Frau von Meck, was soon enabled to give up teaching and devote himself entirely to composition. From this time on, except for a conducting tour through western Europe in 1888, and one to America a few years later, he stayed chiefly in the country, in studious solitude. His mode of life at Maidanova, a little village where in 1885 he took a house, has been described by M. Kashkin, who often visited him. After working all the morning, and taking a simple but well-cooked dinner, Tschaïkowsky always went for a long walk, no matter what the weather. "Many of his works were planned and his themes invented," we are told, "in these long rambles across country." After tea he worked again until supper-time, and after supper the two friends, ordering a bottle of wine and dismissing the servant, would devote themselves to playing four-hand music. M. Kashkin tells one or two interesting stories of Tschaïkowsky at this period. His impulsiveness, it seems, took the form in money matters of a fairly reckless generosity. So lavishly did he shower coppers on all the peasant children in the neighborhood that he could not go for his walk without being surrounded by them. In one afternoon he is said to have dispensed fourteen shillings of his own and all of M. Kashkin's small change. A friend once asked him where he "invested his capital." Convulsed with laughter, he answered that his last investment of capital had been in a Moscow hotel, and that where his next would be he did not know.

The events of his tour in 1888 he has himself narrated with characteristic modesty and charm in a fragment of diary. One can read between the lines that he was everywhere the center of admiring interest, but with fine literary instinct he constantly subordinates himself to the people and events through which he moved. How lovable are his vainly continued efforts to enjoy the music of Brahms, his eagerness to record the little kindnesses of his friends, his dignified reticence about his enemies, his hearty appreciation of work far inferior to his own! "I trust," he says, "that it will not appear like self-glorification that my dithyramb in praise of Grieg precedes the statement that our natures are closely allied. Speaking of Grieg's high qualities, I do not at all wish to impress my readers with the notion that I am endowed with an equal share of them. I leave it to others to decide how far I am lacking in all that Grieg possesses in such abundance." This warm appreciation of others, combined with so pathetic a lack of self-confidence that on more than one occasion he burned the score of a work which was coldly received, was so extreme in Tschaïkowsky that one of his friends pronounced him the least conceited of composers. Like all sensitive people, indeed, he was painfully conscious of social bonds; what was due him from others, and what in turn was due them from him—these intangibles, so easily forgotten by

most men, were to him heavy realities. It is touching to see how dependent he was on the friendliness of the orchestra he was leading, and he was so impressible by criticism that long after his fame was established he could repeat word for word Hanslick's and Cui's early attacks upon him. On the other hand, M. Kashkin says that when he was conducting the works of others he was so sensible of his responsibility that his face wore a look of physical pain. When he was dying of cholera, in terrible agony, he thanked all about his bedside for the consideration they showed him, and his last remark reminds one of Charles the Second's, "I am afraid, gentlemen, I am an unconscionable time a-dying." He turned to his nephews after an unusually severe attack of nausea with the exclamation, "What a state I am in! You will have but little respect for your uncle when you think of him in such a state as this!" He died at St. Petersburg, in October, 1893.—TAKEN FROM THE EDITOR'S SKETCH OF TSCHAÏKOWSKY'S LIFE IN 'FROM GRIEG TO BRAHMS'

THE ART OF TSCHAÏKOWSKY

Edward Dannreuther — *Grove's 'Dictionary of Music'*

TSCHAÏKOWSKY'S compositions more or less bear the impress of Slavonic temperament—fiery exultation on a basis of languid melancholy. He is fond of huge and fantastic outlines, of bold modulations and strongly marked rhythms, of subtle melodic turns and exuberant figuration; and he delights in gorgeous effects of orchestration. His music everywhere makes the impression of genuine spontaneous originality.

César Cui — *'La Musique en Russie'*

TSCHAÏKOWSKY has more than one point of resemblance with Rubinstein. He has tried all the species of composition, his fecundity is inexhaustible, and his production is often hasty. He is a composer of remarkable talent. He excels in chamber-music and the symphony; much weaker in dramatic music, he would have had in that department also a brilliant career had he been more severe with himself, and had he studied more carefully his tendencies and his scheme of composition.

Tschaïkowsky has great facility in melodic invention. His themes are for the most part charming; they lack power, profundity, grandeur, but their elegiac, melancholy, and dreamy quality is very attractive, and the turns of phrase which their author affects give them a certain stamp of individuality.

Modern harmony, with its subtleties and its boldnesses, has no secrets from Tschaïkowsky; he understands it admirably. One can reproach him only for the too frequent use of the chromatic scheme of harmonization, which gives to his work a certain element of morbidness. He loves polyphony, and uses it often, sometimes to the detriment of the clearness of the principal thought and of the ensemble of the whole.

In the construction of his works Tschaïkowsky is a little too uniform. He loves above everything the variation form. But his variations are not like those of Beethoven and of Schumann; he cannot wield the art by which these masters constructed a colossal monument on a perfectly simple theme. His variations are based chiefly on changes of harmony, of instrumentation, and of rhythm, and upon contrapuntal artifices. He orchestrates with great taste, brilliancy, and color.—FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

A. Pougin *'La Musique en Russie'*

MONSIEUR CÉSAR CUI has said that Tschaïkowsky "would have had a brilliant career had he been more severe with himself, and had he studied more carefully his tendencies and his scheme of composition." This reproach is to a certain extent well founded. The most impartial criticism may in fact blame Tschaïkowsky for not having been always scrupulous in his choice of ideas, and, when the ideas were once adopted, for not having polished, refined, and set them with sufficient care. Even then, however, the same criticism would be obliged (and this is what it does not always do) to take account of the temperament of the artist, of the nature of his talent, of his unique and peculiar faculties. Among those on whom art has set its seal, how much difference is there in the method of working! One man, seized by the fever of production, constantly in a travail of child-birth, will work quickly, will be unable, under penalty of impotence, to tie himself down by waiting until his inspiration presents itself under the most severe and chastened aspect; another, less fertile, with an imagination less lavish and spontaneous, will find that his ideas as they present themselves to him are more ornamented, more florid, more fundamentally elegant, and will furthermore take the time to embellish them, to develop in them new charms. The axiom of Boileau,

"Cent fois sur le métier remettez votre ouvrage.
Polissez-le sans cesse et le repolissez,"[1]. . .

is not applicable by all artists, whose temperaments, as I have said, are various, and enforce varying methods of working. Similarly, in nature, we see people differing; they are stout or thin, dark or light, phlegmatic

[1] Literally: "A hundred times, upon your task, resume your labor.
Polish it without ceasing, and repolish it."

or nervous. To apply to all the same formula of judgment, the same kind of criticism, is simply a mistake or an injustice.

To return to Tschaïkowsky. If he is not always at his best, if it is possible to reproach him with certain weaknesses, this is because inspiration is with him more rapid than the faculty of working it out; it is because one idea is scarcely hatched before another one treads on its heels, and because he is not always able to take time to coördinate his ideas, to bind them together, to unite them in a thoroughly harmonious whole. But when, cooperating, inspiration and labor both serve him to his satisfaction, the result obtained is excellent. To blame a great artist for his fecundity is like blaming a beautiful tree for bearing too much fruit. Sometimes a branch breaks, giving way under its burdens, and some of them fall to earth; but how healthy and fragrant are those that remain, ripened by the sun!

Not all of Tschaïkowsky's works are of equal value. Especially, those which belong to the earlier part of his life as a composer do not give a just impression of his talent. Tschaïkowsky, indeed, took a long while to disengage himself from outside influences and to establish his own personality, ultimately so brilliant. Some of his compositions seem directly inspired by Schumann; others—many others—recall the style of Liszt, who appears to have vividly impressed his imagination. It was only near his fortieth year that Tschaïkowsky took true possession of himself and became clearly master of his spirit and his faculties. . . .

Tschaïkowsky's chamber-music is not free from defects. He is not free from prolixity and inequality, though there are many interesting pages —among others may be mentioned the two very pretty Andantes of the two first string quartets. [See Selection No. vii.—ED.] The piano trio, written to the memory of Nicholas Rubinstein, is brilliant and highly colored, although too long. It seems to me that the 'Florentine Sextet' is his best work in chamber-music. Nevertheless, it is not in this department that Tschaïkowsky has given the best proof of his superiority, and still less has he proved here his individuality. His chamber-works, I believe, were written in the early part of his life, when he was most under the influence of Liszt. It was not until later that he acquired full mastery over himself.

Where Tschaïkowsky is truly personal, where he is *himself* beyond all possible doubt or discussion, is in his intimate pieces for the piano, of which some are most exquisite, and, above all, in his delightful songs, which are full of profound feeling, of deep poetry, and are sometimes of a melancholy character so intense as to border upon the dramatic. His melodies, whether set to Russian or to French words, are for the most part rich in inspiration, often very pathetic, and conceived in a style full of nobility and elevation. He has written more than a hundred songs, of which many have become popular among our French artists because of their expression of sincere sadness, their touching simplicity, and their sentiment.

If Tschaïkowsky is not, musically, as thoroughly "Russian" as certain of his confrères and compatriots seem to wish he were, he remains none the less a musician of high standing and of great scope. The Russian public have a profound affection and respect for the two great artists Rubinstein and Tschaïkowsky, who represent in a most noble, manly, and spirited way the young musical art so suddenly developed in the great oriental empire.—FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

A. E. Keeton *'The Contemporary Review' 1900*

AS far as medium is concerned, Tschaïkowsky possessed a truly marvelous versatility; his creative genius displays itself under the three headings of orchestral, dramatic, and lyrical music, in all of which he achieved high excellence. His productiveness, too, was immense; nothing like it—in such universal perfection as his—can be instanced since Mozart. During the space of thirty years he composed four orchestral suites, five overtures, a number of symphonic poems, three pianoforte concertos, a magnificent violin concerto, some exquisite chamber-music, three delightful ballets, some beautiful church music, about a hundred pieces for the piano, as many songs, and, as a climax to these, six symphonies and eleven operas. He also compiled an exhaustive treatise on harmony, edited some ten large volumes of Russian church music, and contributed a fair amount to contemporary criticism. With this list before us it is obvious that he was a rapid composer, so rapid that he often misled the critics, who accused him of being careless and superficial. This opinion, however, is not endorsed by a closer acquaintance with his music. As a matter of fact he had an exquisite perception for finish and detail. He always worked out each theme with the closest scrutiny, polishing, expanding, curtailing, writing, rewriting, putting aside and beginning again. In his capacity for patient labor Tschaïkowsky was singularly unlike the generality of his compatriots. The A-minor pianoforte trio took him little short of a year to complete, and he devoted an equal time to his 'Manfred' music. In his smaller works, as in his larger ones, may be traced the same careful attention to every technical exigency. One is even justified in occasionally censuring him for a painstaking development of ideas hardly worthy of such studious thought. . . . Let us first glance at his mastery of orchestration. Not a secret in the mighty organism of a modern orchestra would seem to have escaped him. He penetrated into its very heart, reveling in its multiplicity of resource, blending and contrasting its wealth of tone-color with an unerring instinct. . . . Apart from full orchestra, in the narrower arena of chamber-music, his inspiration was also remarkable. Here his instinct for finish and detail stood him in good stead. It has been truly said of his sextet for violins, altos, and 'celli, that he made "simple strings quiver with more shades than the rainbow."

And then from his chamber-music we turn to his numerous songs.

The first thing that strikes home to us here is that they are essentially vocal. In this respect he is a true Russian. No Russian composer worthy of his nationality but has ever loved and understood the human voice. 'Nur wer die Sehnsucht Kennt' heads a list to which may be added such gems as the vocal duet, 'Human Tears,' or the solos, 'Blessed be ye Woods,' 'Over the Pale Fields of Harvest,' 'The Ball,' 'In the Balmy Night,' and 'Separation.' These, of course, are only half a dozen lyrics culled at random from a hundred or more which at once place Tschaïkowsky amongst the foremost masters of modern song. Very beautiful again are many of his *a capella* choruses for mixed voices, or his chruch services written without accompaniment, according to the practice of the Greek liturgy. It may be added that his Russian romances lose immeasurably by translation—more so, perhaps, than the songs of some of his colleagues, for there is a close link between Tschaïkowsky's individual *genre* and the soft, caressing, and withal passionate syllables of his rhythmic native tongue; a link which is rudely severed by guttural German versions.

But it was neither in orchestra nor song that Tschaïkowsky mainly desired to excel; his ambition chiefly led him to combine the two in opera —another Slavonic trait in his artistic development, since it is in opera that the Russian school has hitherto expressed itself with most originality and force. Of his eleven operas the two most frequently performed in Russia are 'Mazeppa' and 'Eugene Oniegin.' The latter, which strikes one as the finer of the two, has a "book" based upon Pushkin's novel of the same name. Pushkin concentrated the interest of his poem in an elaborate character-study of his hero—a blasé, dissipated, spoilt young man of the world, belonging to the Byronic type so much in favor a few decades ago. Tschaïkowsky took this hero for his title-rôle, but the prominent figure in the opera, who rivets the listener's attention from first to last, is its heroine, Tatiãna. A more complex portrayal in music of a woman full of emotion and tenderness, highly strung and passionate, but at the same time exquisitely refined and pure in her every thought, probably does not exist. . . .

In all his dramatic compositions Tschaïkowsky adhered to the established Italian forms, which he enriched, however, with beauty of subject and orchestral accompaniment. . . . The Slavonic composer to whom Tschaïkowsky is most akin, strange to relate, is no Russian, but the Polish Chopin. Tschaïkowsky's range of vision was, of course, much wider than Chopin's, and where Chopin was absolutely unique, namely in his idealism of the piano simply as a solo instrument, Tschaïkowsky can satisfy us least. His pianoforte music always suggests a replica of the orchestra, either as a whole or as a reproduction of one or other of its instruments. But he has all Chopin's passionate melancholy, he has Chopin's sense of finish, Chopin's artistic balance, as well as his peculiar chromaticism, the latter, by the way, not being a prominent trait in other Russian composers. . . .

The Editor *Critical Summary*

THE proverb "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar" can be very happily applied to the case of Tschaïkowsky. Like so many of his countrymen, he was a curious combination of the highly civilized and the almost savagely primitive. Outwardly a polished man of the world, urbane, an interesting though modest talker, a charming companion, he hid beneath this pleasant surface unplumbed wells of passion, melancholy, spiritual tumult. What a contrast he was with his great contemporary Brahms, under whose rough, almost bearish exterior was such serenity and poise of heart!

This antithesis of qualities in Tschaïkowsky divided his music into two sharply marked classes. In his lighter, smaller works—his pianoforte pieces, his ballets and dances, and many of his songs—he is simply the finished gentleman decorating social life with his refined and gracious art. In his larger and more serious works, on the other hand, such as his two string quartets, his symphonic poems and overtures, and above all his symphonies, especially the famous 'Pathètique,' he is a thinker, a poet, an explorer of human aspiration and despair. His *salon* pieces are light, warm, graceful, sensuous, full of amenity and color; his symphonic masterpiece is rude, somber, sinister, passionate, and in its crises almost insane.

What makes the demarcation between these two species of expression especially marked is the fact already commented upon in the case of Dvořák[1]—the fact that large modern orchestral works cannot be translated into the idiom of the piano. The Pathètique Symphony, in piano arrangement, is not only next to impossible to play, because of the multiplicity of voices to be represented and the limitations of the human hand, but it is no longer itself: stripped of color, of the almost vocal eloquence of violins, 'cellos, horns, clarinets, and the rest, it loses the greater part of its effect. The part of Tschaïkowsky that one can get at through the medium of the piano is therefore the comparatively superficial part—the purely lyrical part—of what he has to say. For the deeper, grander, essential Tschaïkowsky one must go to the orchestra.

But even in the single aspect of his genius represented by such piano pieces and songs as are included in the selections, there is much that is delightfully individual. There is inexhaustible freshness and beauty in the melodies, a sort of Italian warmth, luxuriance, and grace. There is richness and originality of harmony, and there is a fullness of polyphony that means constant interest. There is variety and intensity of expression, too, ranging from the tender melancholy of the 'Chanson Triste' to the noble pathos of the 'Invocation to Sleep' and the eager, pulsating passion of 'Don Juan's Serenade.' And in the andante from the String Quartet there is more than a hint of the larger, heroic Tschaïkowsky of the symphonies.

[1] See MASTERS IN MUSIC, Part 20.

The gravest weakness of Tschaïkowsky is his almost garrulous facility, his lack of reticence and restraint. There seems to be no hidden, deep-lying reservoir of inexpressible feeling in his nature; all is on the surface, readily articulated, uttered as soon as felt. He has no shy, half-disclosed beauties. It is doubtless this clever volubility that has brought upon him the charge of dilettantism. But to this his admirers will always retort that he makes up in spontaneity, wealth of imagination, warmth of color, and intensity of emotion what he lacks in breadth, profundity, and control.

THE WORKS OF TSCHAÏKOWSKY

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

TSCHAÏKOWSKY did not take his pianoforte composing very seriously. While writing to the order of a publisher the twelve pieces known by the names of the months, he directed his man-servant to remind him of each on the day it was due, when he would sit down at his desk, and in a few hours have it ready for the printer. He does not seem to have considered pianoforte music a special branch of art, with its own rules, methods, and effects, as did Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt. His piano pieces are not idiomatic, not couched in those figures based upon scales and arpeggios which are most effective for the instrument and least reveal its shortcomings. They sound more like transcriptions from orchestral pieces, which have, moreover, lost sonority and color in the transcribing. But their purely musical qualities, as a rule, give them interest in spite of these technical disadvantages.

I. Romance *Opus 5*

THIS wistful, appealing melody presents an interesting study in expression. It is full of a gentle pleading, a quiet insistence, that needs for its complete rendition a legato pressure-touch and a considerable flexibility in tempo; here a slight haste and pressing forward, there a lingering and holding back.

At the bottom of page 18 enters a new and very clearly defined rhythm in the bass, which becomes the occasion for an effective "basso ostinato," or persistent bass. With the change of tempo to *allegro energico* the right hand outlines against this persistent bass figure a sharply punctuated melody, semi-staccato, and there is a gradual crescendo up to a climax at the bottom of page 19. The recitative-like phrases for the right hand, on page 20, give an opportunity for strongly marked expression. After them, the original melody reënters, but now with added melodic figures in the

left-hand part, which should be clearly brought out. These figures, particularly the ones in sixteenth-notes on page 21, are most melodious, and will prove most interesting in developing a left-hand *cantilena* style. After a slight return of the "basso ostinato," page 22, the piece ends with a yearning little phrase (last four measures), harmonized very simply.

II. 'Chant sans Paroles' *Opus 2, No. 3*

HERE cheerful gaiety takes the place of the rather wistful sentiment of the foregoing selection. The melody is tripping and buoyant, the mode major, and the harmony clear and vigorous. The imitation by the left hand, in the second measure on page 24, of the figure in sixteenth-notes given by the right, is an example of the orchestral rather than pianistic origin of Tschaïkowsky's ideas already mentioned. These rapid sixths are difficult and rather ineffective on the piano; the naturally awkward left hand has a good deal of work with them, and to little effect. They would, on the contrary, be so natural and charming for clarinets and bassoons that one cannot resist the suspicion that Tschaïkowsky first thought of them as so played. At page 25 enters a new melody in the tenor (which must be made salient by the left hand), imitated after one measure by the alto. This is worked up ingeniously if somewhat awkwardly. In the seventh measure on page 26 the original melody returns, played now in octaves, which will be found to need a flexible wrist. Attention must also be called to the somber minor version of the same melody, in the left hand, eight measures from the end.

III. 'Chanson Triste' *Opus 40, No. 2*

THIS is a very characteristic bit of Tschaïkowsky, with its mournfully monotonous rhythmic beat, its chromatic harmonies, and its almost morbid melancholy. Though it calls for no technical dexterity, it is far from easy to play really well, because it requires so perfect a legato in the melody. The tones must be absolutely bound to one another, like those of a violin or a voice. Only a careful use of pressure-touch in its extreme form can effect this. The last eight measures of this piece would serve as a musical autograph of their author.

IV. 'None but a Lonely Heart'

THIS is perhaps Tschaïkowsky's most familiar and most popular song. It has taken apparently a permanent place in the repertories of singers.

With its strikingly dissonant opening, the effect of which is intensified by the wide leap of the melody, it establishes its mood at once—the mood of despairing, agonized grief. The rugged

movement of the bass, meanwhile, and the solidness of the harmony, keep the emotion from seeming hysterical—give it a certain dignity and grandeur. The deftness of the musical treatment on page 30 is worthy of note. The accompaniment, harping constantly on the figure of two half-notes, but gradually increasing in intensity, forms just the requisite background for the broken, impassioned phrases of the voice. The artistic synthesis of the two is perfect. Again, where the piano, on page 31, the second measure, begins its relentless march up to the fortissimo chord of E-flat minor, there is the same skilful reënforcement of the song proper by the general tone and atmosphere of the music. Thrilling, too, is the pianissimo phrase, after this burst of fortissimo, in which the voice resumes the interrupted motion. At this point the piano part takes up the original theme, the voice singing a skilfully planned counter-melody. The deliberate, inexorable descent of the piano melody to its final cadence is one of the most somber moments of this splendidly somber song.

V. 'Invocation to Sleep'

N some ways even nobler and more appealing than 'None but a Lonely Heart,' the 'Invocation to Sleep' is intensely characteristic of its composer. It begins with some recitative-like phrases, accompanied by a mysterious, constantly modulating series of chords. The last notes of this introduction are echoed by the piano in the low register, with an effect of indescribable nobility, after which the broad melody of the song proper begins: "I call on thee, O all-consoling power." This, however, is also very freely developed, with constant modulation, and with imitations in the accompaniment that strangely excite us. By the bottom of page 33 we reach a repetition of the theme, with augmented force in its setting. The interest still grows, until, at the top of page 35, there is a sustained climax, and with the cessation of motion in the piano part and the long slow fall of the voice the song ends. The piano has an epilogue, ending pianissimo and with mystery. The 'Invocation to Sleep' is remarkable for its sustained grandeur of style, for its exalted, genuine, and insistent passion.

VI. 'Don Juan's Serenade'

N 'Don Juan's Serenade,' too, there is passion, but it is the headlong, reckless, unthinking passion of some sinewy country swain rather than the spiritualized passion of the speculative mind. Here all is animation, ardor, the forthright, unsophisticated love-making of the elemental man.

"Now from Seville to Granada,
'Neath the silent light of stars,
Clash of sword and tender ditty
Mingle fiercely, loves and wars."

Marvelously does Tschaïkowsky catch the spirit of these verses of Tolstoi, with all their primitive passion of the warrior-lover. That constantly up-welling cascade of eighth-notes, that steady, ceaseless march of the bass, those strong, uncompromising syncopations, to say nothing of the manly energy and resistless impetus of the melody itself—all these things reflect and intensify the martial mood of the poem. The music should be sung with abandon, with great yet measured impetuosity, and played with fire and with rhythmical precision. Wherever the phrase begins on the second beat of the measure, as is often the case, this must be made clear by sharp attack. Nor is there any dearth of light and shade here. The pianist should not be misled by natural excitement into a uniform and eventually jading *forte*. The *piano* portions contribute quite as much to the excitement as the loud parts—make, indeed, the necessary foils for them. A heavy staccato in the detached chords will be found, similarly, to help, by contrast, the legato of the recurrent eighth-note figures. The postlude by the piano decreases steadily in loudness, but not in speed. The rhythm must keep its on-pressing, insurgent quality to the very end.

VII. Andante cantabile *From the String Quartet, Opus 11*

THE principal theme of this movement is founded upon a Russian folk-melody, the peculiarity of which is that an extra beat is interpolated in the first and the third phrases (giving rise to one measure of 3-4 time in each of these phrases). It is a simple, naïve theme, harmonized with the commonest chords. It is, however, well adapted for that freely imitative treatment, or repetition in all the voices of the main idea, which is so natural to the string quartet style. At the bottom of page 43 the theme will be noticed recurring throughout the fabric, and must be always made obvious, even when it is played by naturally weak fingers. The imitative treatment of the "turn," at the top of page 44, is most charming.

At the bottom of this page the lower voice, representing the 'cello in the original quartet, starts a curious sighing figure, which is treated as a very characteristic "basso ostinato" throughout the following page. The mournful insistence of this, with the graceful yearning of the violin theme as a foil, is thorough Tschaïkowsky. There follows, on page 46, a rather bald treatment of the first theme, coming finally to a cadence, pianissimo, in the fourth system on page 47. And here comes one of the most beautiful moments of the entire movement. A persistent rhythm of two eighth-notes and a quarter-rest is established, by pianissimo and very light chords. Against this the second melody, first heard on page 45, is silhouetted in the middle register. If properly rendered, the effect is very beautiful. But the rendering is by no means easy. The melody is constantly crossing back and forth from right hand to left, and is in a rhythm quite different from that of the accompaniment. Yet it is essential that it should

be well bound together, and made to sing out clearly above the chords. The passage merits painstaking practice. With some soft cadencing variants of the theme (page 48, the last two systems) the movement closes.

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF TSCHAÏKOWSKY

I. CHORAL. SECULAR. Eleven Russian operas, of which the most important are 'The Voievoda' (1869), 'The Oprichnik' (1874), 'Vakula, the Smith' (1876), 'Eugene Oniegin' (1879), and 'Pique Dame' (posthumous). Three b llets. Coronation Cantata. SACRED. Two masses, and many smaller pieces.

II. VOCAL. Many songs and duets.

III. ORCHESTRAL. Six symphonies, of which the sixth, called 'The Pathètique,' is the best known; seven symphonic poems; four suites; and three overtures.

IV. CONCERTOS. Three for pianoforte; one for violin; capriccio for 'cello with orchestra.

V. CHAMBER-MUSIC. String sextet, 'Souvenir de Florence'; three string quartets; trio for piano, violin, and 'cello.

VI. PIANOFORTE. Miscellaneous pieces, including a set of twelve called 'The Seasons,' a sonata, 'Souvenir de Hapsal,' et cetera.

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III. MISCELLANEOUS. CUI, CÉSAR. La Musique en Russie. Paris, 1880 — POUGIN, A. La Musique en Russie. Paris, 1904.

I. ROMANCE

OPUS 5

poco più mosso
crescendo
riten.
mf
mf
tempo
cresc.
f
p
pp
poco a poco
accel.
cresc.

Allegro energico.

s
l.h.
r.h.
molto meno mosso
l.h.
r.h.
mf
dimin.
p
Tempo I.
espr.
pp

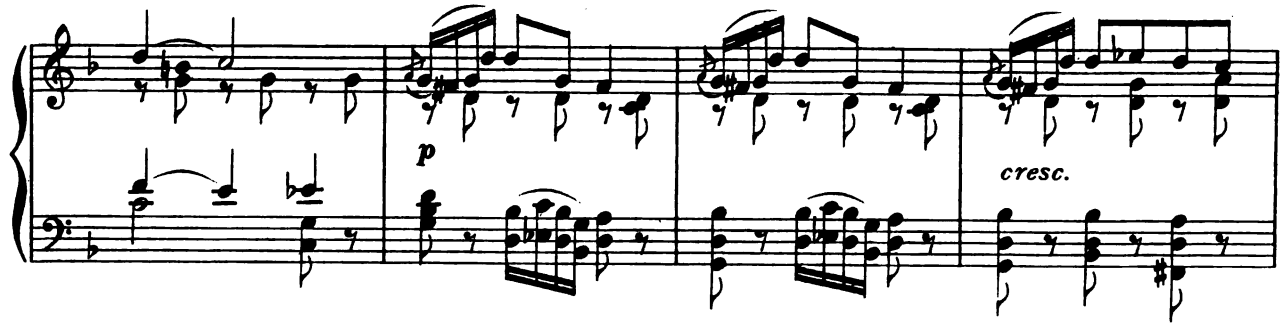
p
marcato
mf
espr.
poco più mosso
cresc.
mf
riten.
mf

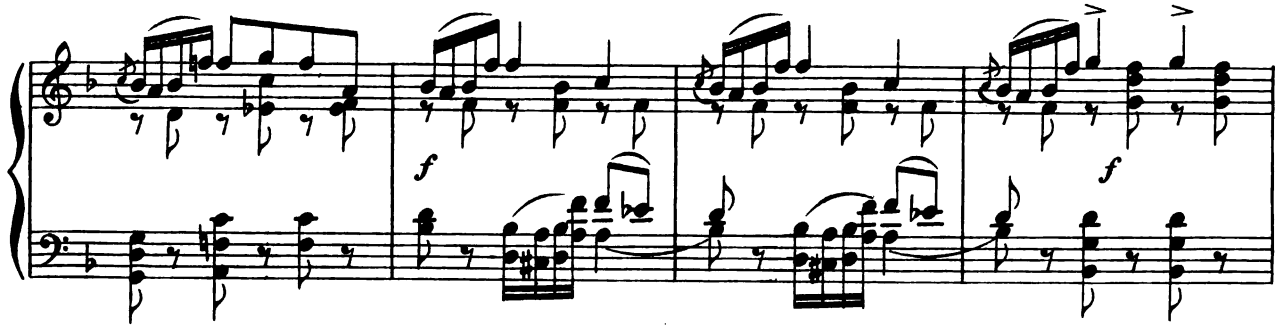
molto più
tempo
f
mosso dimin.
Allegro.
ritard.

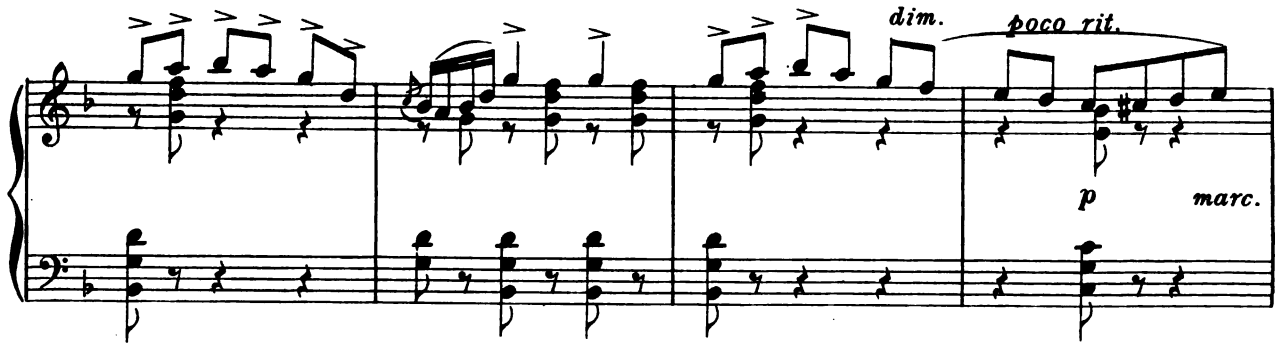
II. 'CHANT SANS PAROLES'

OPUS 2, NO. 3

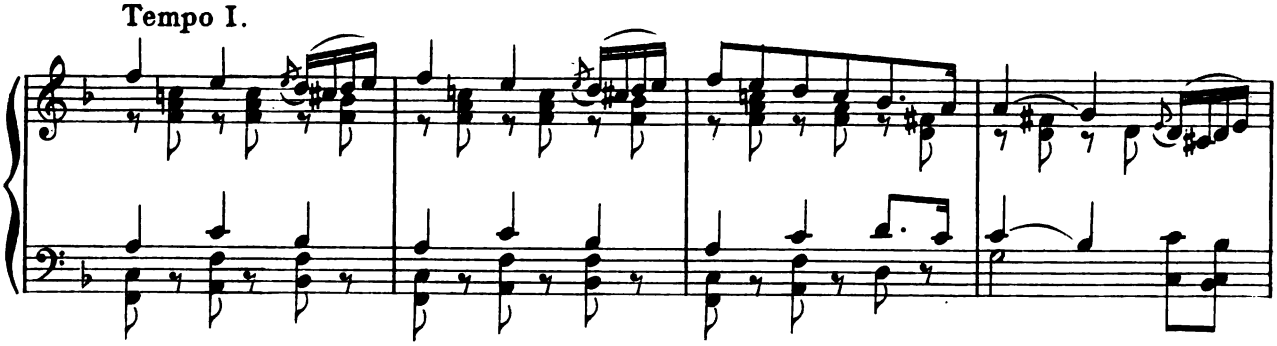
Allegretto grazioso e cantabile.

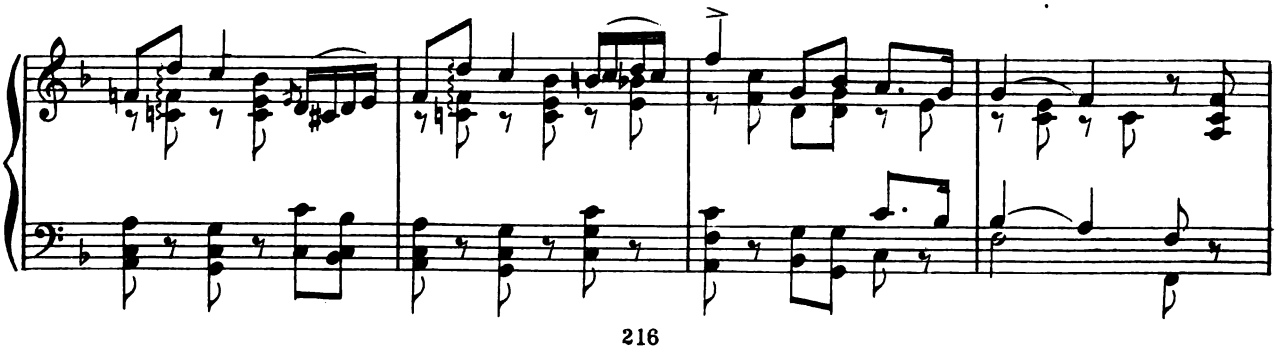






Tempo I.





f
energico
cresc.
ff
dim.
p
f

cresc.
ff
dim.
p
p
sempre di - mi - nu - en - do
marcata la melodia
pp
pp

III. 'CHANSON TRISTE'

OPUS 40, NO. 2

Allegro non troppo.

la melodia con molto espressione

f
p
poco rit
p a tempo
f
p
mf
p
pp
pp

IV. 'NONE BUT A LONELY HEART'

GOETHE

Andante non tanto.
p espress.
p
p espress.
None but a lone - ly heart can know this an - guish,
— how of all joy be - reft I long and lan - guish!
più f

Up - on the
un poco marcato
p
fir - ma-ment I gaze and won - der. Ah, from my heart's belov'd I
mf
mf
dwell a - sun - der! None but a lone - ly heart
pp
f
pp
cresc.
mf
can know this an - guish, how of all joy be-reft I long and
p
cresc.
p
cresc.

f
cresc.
ff
lan - guish, a - lone, from all I love I dwell a -
cresc. e string.
pp molto riten. a tempo
sun - der! My sens-es fail, a burn-ing
espress.
ff
fire con - sumes me, none but a lone - ly heart can
know this an - guish!
pp

V. 'INVOCATION TO SLEEP'

Allegro misterioso.
p
Now sa - ble night en - folds the earth in sha - dow,
p
The for - est boughs are rus-tling soft. Now longs the
pp
soul for rest from earth-ly trou-ble, The cares of day have wea-ried her.
pp
mf
Andante sostenuto.
I call on thee, oh all con - so - ling
riten.
mf

pow - - er, oh give us peace, Sa - cred to
thee the in - fant's rest, The beg - gar's couch of suf - fring, the
p
p
tear - - ful eye of si - lent love.
cresc. poco a poco
p
f
To thee as-cends the wound - ed heart's la -
f
mf

- men - ting, thou know'st the an - guish of des - pair,
ff
of those who o - ver - bur - den'd are with sor - row,
f
while they are dream - ing, give them joy!
Those who are o - - - ver - bur - den'd with their sor - row,
f

while they are dream - ing, oh give them joy,
while they are dream - - ing, give them joy!
riten.

VI. 'DON JUAN'S SERENADE'

TOLSTOI.

falls the dark - 'ning veil of night,
mf
p
with my Man - do - line I call thee, then come
p
f
a piena voce
ff
forth my heart's de - light! Thou of
p
mf
maids art Queen, and peer - less.

who - so dares my words gain - say
meno mosso
Tempo I.
I de - fy to com - bat, fear - less, death, death, death the
mf meno mosso
Tempo I.
f
p
in - sult shall re - pay! The earth has its flow - ers,
p
cre - - scen -
ff
poco rit.
the sky has its moon. Come forth, oh Ni - set - ta,
- do poco a poco
poco rit.
f

Tempo I.
Come forth, oh Ni - set - ta, and list to my lay!
ff
mf Tempo I.
mf
Now from Se - ville to Gra - na - da 'neath the si - lent
p
mf
p
light of stars, Clash of sword and
p

ten - der dit - ty min-gle fierce - ly, loves and wars.
mf
p
f
Ah ye fair ones at your case - ments,
mf
lives of men for you are shed,
meno mosso
As for me, I'd pour my life - blood,
mf

Tempo I.
thou, thou, thou the prize, I know not dread!
Tempo I.
f
p
p
cresc.
The earth has its flow - ers, the sky has its moon,
cre - scen - do poco a poco
ff
poco rit.
Come forth, oh, Ni - set - ta, come forth, oh, Ni - set - ta,
poco rit.
f
and list to my lay!
Tempo I.
ff
f

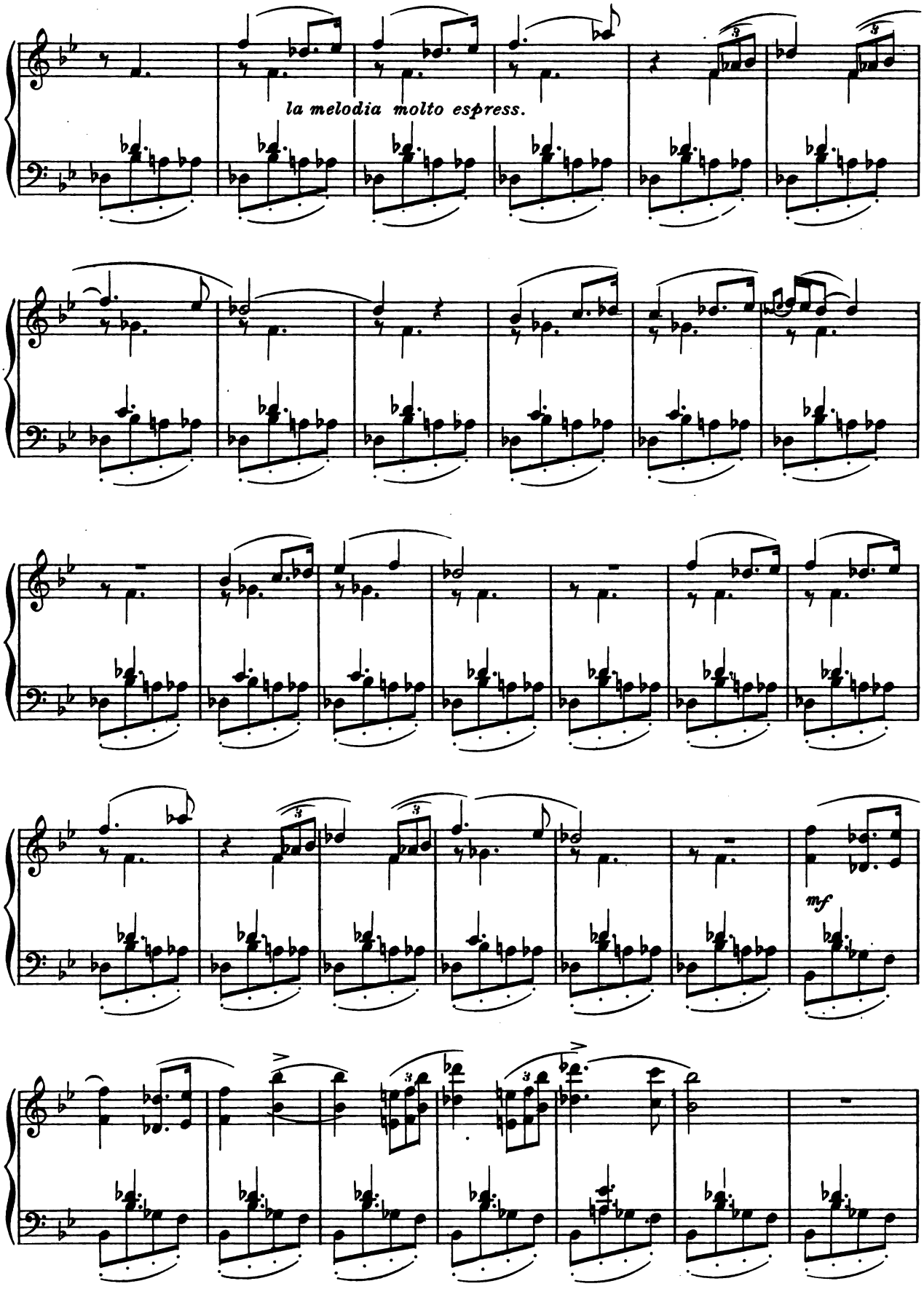
p
dim.
pp

VII. ANDANTE CANTABILE

FROM THE STRING QUARTET, OPUS 11

Transcribed by
CH. KLINDWORTH

mf
r. h.
p
mf
r. h.
p
p
pp
p
cresc.
mf
p
dim.
pp una corda
mf
pp


la melodia molto espress.
mf

dim.
p
tre corde.
pp
p espress.
cresc.
poco a poco
f

mf
f
pp
legato
pp una corda
La melodia molto espressivo ed
pp
un poco marcato, l'accompagnamento sempre pp

dolce.
più pp
sf
p
pp
pp
pp
morendo.
pp

MASTERS IN MUSIC

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

BORN 1685: DIED 1750

M801

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

"Together with his wonderful gifts as an artist," says Spitta, "Bach united great clearness and acuteness of intelligence, strength of will, a persistency which often amounted to obstinacy, the love for order, and a high sense of duty." Most of these good German traits were revealed in his contenance, the expression of which, for all its benignity, was at the same time keen and penetrating.

This portrait, from a lithograph by Schlick, after a painting by Haussmann, is here reproduced with the kind permission of Mr. Constantine Weikert.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN

BACH

BORN 1685: DIED 1750

IN the sixteenth century there lived in Wechmar, a small German town, a baker and miller named Veit Bach. This man was the progenitor of the most numerous and remarkable family of musicians known to history—a family which constitutes the strongest argument in existence for the hereditary transmission and accumulation of musical genius. Johann Sebastian Bach, the subject of this sketch, and probably the greatest of all musicians, was the great-great-grandson of old Veit Bach, of whom he wrote quaintly: "He had his chief delight in a little cithara [a small stringed instrument], which he would take with him into his mill and play thereon while the corn was grinding. They must have sounded merrily together! Howbeit, so he learnt the sense of time; and in this wise music first came into his house." From this modest beginning, the musical interest of the Bach family grew so steadily and expanded so widely that among the descendants of Veit Bach we count no less than fifty-three professional musicians, many of them town-musicians and organists and kapellmeisters merely, but all self-respecting, honest, upright men, and a few of them composers of genius. Johann Sebastian was the fine flower of this long growth; after him the strain began to weaken, and finally died out with the death of his grandson Wilhelm, in 1846. From Veit to Wilhelm there were seven generations, and practically all the male members of the family were musicians. Next to Johann Sebastian, the most distinguished was his son, Carl Philip Emanuel, who formed the link between his music and that of the Austrian school of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven.

The family sentiment and loyalty of the Bachs was almost as remarkable as their musical endowment. Christoph, the grandfather of Sebastian, and his two brothers, Johann and Heinrich, established family seats at Erfurt, Arnstadt, and Eisenach, which became gathering-places for the entire family of brothers, sons, cousins, and nephews. A sort of guild was formed, meeting once a year for social and musical intercourse. "First," writes one of Bach's biographers, "they sang a chorale; and,

this duty ended, soon turned to a medley of secular songs. The climax was reached in the *quodlibet*, when all joined in a sort of comic chorus. The music was an improvised catch. Each man in turn gave his own part or refrain, all different and all in harmony. The words were as incongruous as the music, and every one added his own quip or jest to the general jollity." These annual reunions were doubtless both an effect and a potent cause of that profound sense of common interests and aims which bound together this remarkable family.

Johann Sebastian Bach, born at Eisenach, a small Thuringian town, in 1685, was a son of Johann Ambrosius Bach, a viol-player, and as a matter of course became proficient in music in his earliest years. Upon the death of his parents, which occurred in his tenth year, he was taken in charge by his brother, Johann Christoph, an organist in Ohrdruf. Here he lived until he was fifteen, studying to such good purpose that he soon outdistanced his brother, and seems to have even excited his jealousy. At any rate there is a story that he was forbidden by this brother access to certain music he desired to study; and that he thereupon set to work to copy off the whole of it by moonlight, a task which occupied him six months, and probably contributed to the blindness from which he suffered in later years.

Bach made such good progress in music that at eighteen he was appointed organist of Arnstadt, where he remained for several years. In spite of the advantages of this post, however, he found the musical activities of the sleepy town rather languishing, and it was not long befroe he became restive. In the winter of 1705, obtaining a month's leave, he set off to walk to Lübeck, about fifty leagues distant from Arnstadt, in order to hear the playing of Buxtehude, the great Danish organist. Once there, he remained for three months, studying the methods of this great master, and on his return found himself in a disfavor with the authorities that eventually led to his leaving Arnstadt. He became organist at Mühlhausen for a while; and later, obliged by his marriage to a cousin, Maria Barbara Bach, which took place in 1707, to seek a more profitable post, he accepted, in 1708, the organistship at the ducal court of Weimar.

The reigning duke at this time, Duke Wilhelm Ernst, was a man of profoundly serious and religious character; unhappily married and childless, he concentrated all his energy on ruling beneficently, and was a liberal patron, not only of religion, but also of literature and art. He expected of his court organist and chamber musician devoted work, giving him in return full sympathy and encouragement. Opportunity thus conspired with natural taste, in this period, to make Bach a great master of his chosen instrument, the organ. To these years belong most of his immortal organ works. The nucleus of the Lutheran church service was the German chorale, so familiar to the people that they could sing it all together, in unison, while the organist decorated it with free contrapuntal melodies suggested by his fancy. Thus arose the "figured" or variated chorale, a form of music as ingenious as it was noble, and

brought to wonderful perfection by Bach. On the other hand, he devoted himself much to the more complicated and less definitely sacred forms of organ music, represented by his preludes, fantasias, fugues, and toccatas. These pieces, written for organ alone, without choral parts, and in the severe contrapuntal style, gave him an opportunity to employ all his marvelous technical skill in the interest of a high and abstract musical beauty. The years of his stay in Weimar, from 1708 to 1717, are ever memorable in the history of music because of his steady and inspired creativeness in these two departments of organ composition.

His feats of virtuosity were meanwhile making him known far and wide as one of the greatest organists of the day, and he made many journeys to neighboring cities to exhibit his art. Cassel, Halle, Leipsic, Meiningen, and Dresden were thus visited. Everywhere his skill, and especially his daring and brilliant use of the pedals, excited admiration. At Dresden a competition in playing was arranged between Bach and a celebrated French organist, Marchand, who happened to be there at the same time. At the appointed hour Bach was on hand, and played to the wonder and satisfaction of all; but Marchand, convinced of defeat, did not even put in an appearance.

In 1717 Bach accepted the post of music-director at the court of Leopold, Prince of Anhalt-Cöthen. Here his duties were quite dissimilar to those at Weimar. Cöthen was Calvinistic in religion, and Bach found in it accordingly no choir, a very indifferent organ, and little opportunity to exercise his talents in sacred composition. On the other hand, however, Prince Leopold was an enthusiastic amateur of secular music, a respectable performer, himself, on the violin, the viola-da-gamba, and the clavichord, and a cheerful and agreeable companion. By his tastes Bach was stimulated to the composition of chamber-music; and however much we may regret the lack of churchly inspiration in the six years Bach spent at Cöthen, we cannot but be glad of that interim in his life as a composer of sacred music when we remember that during it he produced the first book of his great series of clavichord preludes and fugues, 'The Well-Tempered Clavichord,' many of his suites and sonatas for clavichord and stringed instruments, and some of his finest concertos. Bach was a universal genius; everything he touched he turned into gold; and his chamber-music fills a place of its own quite as much as the great choral and organ works.

During his stay in Cöthen Bach lost his first wife. By her he had had seven children, only four of whom survived infancy. The eldest son, Wilhelm Friedemann, and his next younger brother, Carl Philip Emanuel, were of all Bach's numerous children (he had thirteen by his second wife) the most gifted in music, and he now devoted much pains to their education. In December, 1721, Bach married his second wife, Anna Magdalena Wuelken, a soprano singer and a woman of unusual intelligence and complete sympathy with her husband's ideals. The closest artistic intimacy existed between them. She copied for him many of his

compositions; he taught her the clavichord, and composed for her many of his most interesting works, notably the six so-called French Suites. She was, in a word, just the woman to support Bach in his high and in a worldly sense unremunerative labors, and to her is doubtless due a large share in the honor of his uncompromising, devoted life.

Bach had now passed through all the regular stages in the career of a musician in his day; he had been chorister, orchestral violinist, organist, and finally director of music in a princely establishment; had he been of a worldly mind, he would have been perhaps content to stay at Cöthen indefinitely. But Bach was a devoted artist; all worldly considerations were as nothing to him when set against an opportunity to strike a telling blow for music. And such an opportunity now presented itself in an offer of the position of Cantor in the Thomas School, in the city of Leipsic. This was a very old school, for the combined study of music and of general topics, now in a decayed condition as a result of long mismanagement. Bach knew that his work in it would be heavy, that the salary would be small, that living in Leipsic was expensive, and that he would be placed, if he accepted the post, in a necessarily trying relation to the ignorant and officious municipal council. But he saw here an opening through which he might pass to be eventually the dictator of musical affairs in Leipsic. He accepted, and began his duties in May, 1723. These consisted in teaching, in managing the music of four of the chief churches of the city, and in composing most of the music for their use.

The last twenty-seven years of Bach's life were spent in quiet, indefatigable labor at composing. Just as the work of his time at Weimar was mainly for organ, and that of the period at Cöthen mainly for harpsichord, combinations of stringed instruments, and orchestra, so the work of this last period, when he was obliged by his position to produce so much music for the church, is chiefly in the great choral forms—cantatas, motets, masses, and "passions." The 'St. Matthew Passion' is the most famous of these works.

Bach's later years were harassed by bickerings with the authorities of the Thomas School and of the city of Leipsic—stupid officials who quite failed to recognize or respect his genius. At the very end of his life, too, physical affliction was added in the shape of blindness. Yet in spite of all, his life was made happy by the congeniality of his home life. His wife and many of his children were so musical that constant family concerts were the rule, and many of his most attractive works came into existence in this way. This great man had need of love and appreciation from his family, for he was little appreciated by the general world. His aims were so high, his methods so uncompromising, that his contemporaries scarcely knew what he was seeking. He lived always in poverty, and after his death, in 1750, his wife was obliged to send her children to various relatives to be educated, and she herself died some years after in a poorhouse. Bach's works were neglected for half a century after his death, and it was not until early in the nineteenth century that his su-

preme place among musicians was at all generally recognized. Even today Bach is a closed book to many; and it will be an important part of the musical education of the future to assimilate thoroughly the conceptions of that almost superhuman mind.—THE EDITOR

THE ART OF BACH

J. A. Fuller-Maitland *'The Oxford History of Music' Vol. IV*

IF in studying Handel we seem to have our eyes turned always towards the past, in Bach we are continually brought face to face with idioms and turns of expression which are so much of the essence of modern music that the student is tempted to imagine that the art has made no progress since Bach. Handel sums up the eighteenth century, and in studying all but a very few exceptionally inspired pages of his works, we remain conscious of the full-bottomed wig, the lace ruffles, and all the various other details of his costume. It is only here and there that Bach brings a corresponding image of himself before our minds, so constantly does he make us feel the presence of a spiritual, immortal beauty over which time itself has no power. The historical attitude of mind, that in which we take an interest in a past period and its productions solely because they are antique, is wholly unsuitable in approaching the works of Bach, who is forever startling us by some touch that we have been used to think of as essentially modern, and whose compositions are sometimes felt to be less definitely belonging to a bygone day than many things by Mozart or Haydn.

W. F. Apthorp *'Musicians and Music-lovers'*

BACH'S works, both during his lifetime and since his death, have as a rule appealed only to the especially cultured few. There is hardly a great composer who has had so small a public as he. And yet no composer that ever lived is held in profounder and more loving reverence by those that do know him. It may be said of Bach, as Lowell said of Dante, that "his readers turn students, his students zealots, and what was a taste becomes a religion." The wild enthusiasm with which Wagnerians burn for the Bayreuth master seems poor and pyrotechnic when compared with the quieter adoration of the Bach lover. No man has left so deep a mark on the history of music, nor has exerted so strong and far-reaching an influence upon the subsequent development of the art, as he. If the great composers from Gluck to Beethoven studied him comparatively little, his

works being for the most part unpublished and hard to obtain in their day, there have been few notable musicians since Beethoven who have not made his works the object of reverent study. The most dissimilar musical minds have found delight in him. To Mendelssohn and Schumann he was as their daily bread; the open volumes of his works covered the pianoforte in Verdi's study; even Rossini could not withhold his tribute of admiration. So irresistible is the spell he casts over those who come within the range of his influence that once you have crossed the threshold of his temple you are his, heart and soul, forever. The love of Bach is the most enduring of musical passions; I know that I can hardly open a volume of Bach without a certain feeling of superstitious terror: I feel as if the perusal of each page would be but a nail in the coffin of all my other loves. No matter what your enthusiasm for other composers may be, there comes a time when long communion with any one of them breeds satiety, and you cry for change; but you can return to Bach every day, and each time you find him greater, more wonderful, more all-powerful than before. . . .

One seldom hears Bach's name mentioned nowadays uncoupled with that of Handel. It is, indeed, difficult to speak of one of these two giants without mentioning the other. They had much in common; between them they may fairly be said to have exhausted the musical field of their time. It is idle now to speculate as to which was the greater of the two; much as they had in common, they were more alike in their greatness than in their lives, their fortunes, the specific character of their genius, or the influence they exerted upon the subsequent growth of their art. Handel passed the better part of his life face to face with one of the most brilliant publics in Europe, in energetic competition with men who, if not quite of his stature, were still no pygmies. He saw one after another of his works performed by the most brilliant executive talent of his day. He had at command the fullest and best-drilled choruses and orchestras, and there is hardly an air of his that is not associated with the name of some great and world-famous singer. In a word, he lived in the very midst of the most ardent and active musical life of all Europe. Bach lived quietly in the retirement of small German towns; Leipsic was the largest field he ever had for the immediate display of his powers. While Handel was hurrying from London to Dublin, and from Dublin to Oxford, to bring out some great oratorio in the most brilliant fashion, Bach wrote for his little church choir. A cantata was written for one Sunday's service, was sung to the ordinary congregation, and then laid aside, only to be followed by a fresh cantata next Sunday. As for the style in which his compositions were given, it may be estimated that he probably never heard a very good performance of any of his choral works. He had no great singers to deal with, and heaven knows he needed them if ever a composer did; his choir was small, and his orchestra, as a rule, miserably inadequate. He traveled little, and this, more than anything else, set an inexorable limit to the field of his public musical activity; for in his day, when all great com-

posers were also great performers, and most great performers were at least respectable composers, no musician of note had much to do with any compositions save his own. . . .

In the matter of style Bach and Handel had this in common, that they both wrote in the prevalent musical style of the day. But, admitting that the two men stood nearly on the same level in point of intrinsic genius, Bach was decidedly the more versatile of the two. His habitual style was at once more complex and more daring; it was what the French call more *personal.* Handel, especially in his later works, often shows himself as something of a mannerist; with all his genius he was liable to fall into certain set traditional grooves. Even an expert might easily take an air by Buononcini, Ariosto, or Alessandro Scarlatti to have been written by Handel. But almost everything by Bach is ear-marked; once know his style and you will hardly mistake it. You often recognize Handel only by the force of the blow he strikes; you detect Bach by the way in which the stroke is delivered. As Bach's style is more complex than Handel's, so is it also more subtile and elastic; with all its grandeur it is full of *finesse.* You find him always fully penetrated by the special character of his subject; everything he wrote seems to have been written with perfect distinctness of artistic intent, and he seldom, if ever, lapses into mere mannerism. He says just the right word for the occasion; with the possible exception of Beethoven, no composer that ever lived was so little of a mannerist. You feel Bach's ever-vigilant will behind every note; his music never sounds as if it had written itself. No man, even among our modern romanticists and tone-painters, ever put a greater wealth of meaning into a phrase than Bach did.

But where Bach differs most from Handel is in the influence he exerted upon the subsequent development of the art of music. Handel's influence seems, upon the whole, to have been slight, and confined for the most part to England. In Bach, however, we find the germ, the potency and power, of almost everything great that has been done in music since his day; his influence is everywhere felt, and this is the reason why I have chosen to speak especially of him instead of Handel. No doubt Bach's influence was not exerted directly upon the great Austrian school of composers who came a generation or two after him—upon Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven—as it was indirectly through the medium of his son, Philip Emanuel. I have already hinted that only a few of Bach's works were easily obtainable at that time. 'The Well-Tempered Clavichord,' 'The Art of Fugue,' and some organ works were well enough known and diligently studied, but it was hardly until Mendelssohn's day that the world had an opportunity of investigating the richest treasures of Bach's legacy, his choral works. Yet Bach's influence upon the Austrian school—upon Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven—working, though it did, partly at second-hand through Philip Emanuel Bach, was immensely strong. In Beethoven, and most especially in the works of his last manner, the traces of Bach's influence meet the eye at almost every turning.

Indeed, Beethoven may be said to have been the first great composer who in his study of Bach penetrated very far through the outer shell of his works and assimilated something of deeper import than their technical side. The Bach influence may be said to have culminated in Mendelssohn and Schumann; he was, in fact, Mendelssohn's corner-stone, and without him Schumann would have been impossible. Nor was Bach's influence confined to the art of composition; our whole modern school of pianoforte playing derives, in the end, from him. In a word, Sebastian Bach is the great source and fountainhead from whence well-nigh all that is best and most enduring in modern music has been derived.

In him we find an influence so strong, so subtile, so far-reaching and pervasive, that that exerted by any other single composer is hardly to be compared with it. In him we find united all the requisite conditions for the exertion of such an influence: first, as great specific genius as was ever possessed by man, coupled with the most complete mastery over the technics of his art that has ever been known; next, a strongly characterized individuality; then, that foreseeing spirit which anticipates new esthetic points of view; and lastly, the opportunity, the lucky chance, of coming into the world just at the right time to find the exact task awaiting him which he was best fitted to accomplish.

Bach was, in one sense, essentially a classicist; by this I mean that, no matter what his regard for the expressive or emotional element in music may have been, he always aimed at perfect beauty of form. Beauty of form is the chief, if not the only, aim of pure classic art, and it is by their physical beauty that the classic masterpieces impress us most strongly. In music this perfection of organism is of even more importance as an indispensable factor of beauty of form than it is in the plastic arts. In sculpture and painting the internal organism is not revealed, but only implied, and we can judge of its perfection or faultiness only by the particular sort of beauty we descry in the outward form and color. But in music it is far otherwise: what might be called the surface of musical form is transparent; the internal structure, what I call the organism, of the composition shines through it everywhere, and the trained ear detects very quickly and surely whether the outward beauty of form is independent of, or immediately conditioned by, a finely organized construction of the whole. It may truly be said that such music as does not to some extent embody those organic structural principles which we find in Bach has had, as a rule, but an ephemeral hold on the interest and sympathies of musicians. This is but an exemplification of the very principle of classic art of which I am now speaking. Donizetti and Bellini, the melodious exterior of whose music, beautiful as an archangel, but thinly veils the imperfect anatomy of a mollusk, are already falling into oblivion. A Bach chorus is eternal.

It would seem from all this that technique was really the great lever with which Bach raised the art of composition so high that all subsequent ages have felt the influence of the mighty lift he gave it. Unquestionably,

Bach's astounding technique in composition was this lever; but the full extent of this technique of his cannot even begin to be appreciated if it is judged only by the feats he accomplished in his mastery over musical form. He put his technique to a higher use than the mere production of formal beauty. If he was the greatest of musical classicists, he was equally great as a musical romanticist. Beauty of musical form was with him not only the outcome of a perfect and highly organized musical construction, but it was also, and primarily, a means of expression. His music strikes roots deep into human life, experience, emotion, and aspiration. He did not, like the absolute classicists, value formal beauty for its own sake alone, but meant that it should be, like the Church Sacraments, the outward sign of the inward grace. And if Bach belongs to a bygone epoch by the musical forms he employed, in this romantic phase of his genius he is essentially modern—modern as the newest and most original genius of our own day. It was in this complete union of classicism and romanticism that Bach was truly original, and stood as a new, hitherto unseen figure before the world. In no single composer have these two elements, each raised to its highest known potency, been so completely combined as they were in him. He forced the warm vital blood of romanticism through every artery and vein of the most complex musical organisms. No matter how intricate the structure of a composition might be, no matter what arduous technical difficulties might attend the bringing of it to formal perfection, Bach knew how to make it expressive. Listen to it with an ear that pierces through the surface, and what you hear is not the mere whirring of the cog-wheels of a highly perfected mechanism, but the very heart-beat of humanity itself. I have spoken of Bach's enormous technique in composition; it was in the use he made of this technique as a means toward the profoundest and most exalted poetic expressiveness in music that Bach laid the foundation of well-nigh all that has shown signs of permanence in the subsequent development of the art. Herein lies the secret of the immense and far-reaching influence he exerted upon the composers who came after him. It is this complete interpenetration of the classic and romantic elements that we find in Bach, this constant application of a matchless technique to the highest artistic ends, that renders the study of his works so invaluable to all musicians.

Take Bach home with you and commune with him there over your own pianoforte; study him with loving diligence, taking first what happens most to strike your personal fancy—for even in Bach there are some things which almost any one can like—and thus habituate yourself to his style. I know of no finer, deeper, nor higher musical education. In a word, sweeping as the statement may seem, I make it circumspectly and with complete conviction, that there is no more trustworthy gauge of a man's musical nature and culture than his appreciation and love for Bach. In him you find what is highest, noblest, and best in music; and, furthermore, it is through him that the other great composers are best to be appreciated.

Hugo Riemann *'Musik-Lexicon'*

BACH is one of the greatest masters of all times—one of those who cannot be surpassed, because in them is embodied, as it were, the sentiment and knowledge of an epoch, as in the case of Palestrina, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner. But Bach gains a special significance, an unexampled greatness, from the fact that the specific styles of two different periods simultaneously reached in him a high development, so that he stands between both as a mighty boundary stone, commanding a vast territory in each. Bach belongs with equal right to the period of polyphonic music, of counterpoint, canon, and fugue, and to the period of harmonic music and established tonality. He lived in a period of transition, when the imitative style had not yet lost its vitality, while the new style was still immature and in its first stages of development. Bach's genius united the peculiarities of both styles in a manner which must be regarded as worthy of imitation in a period which still lies before us. It would be absurd, therefore, to speak of Bach's music as antiquated, except in so far as this term applies to certain cadences, embellishments, and other superficialities in the use of which Bach was a child of his time and reminds us of it. His melodies are so healthy and absolutely original, his rhythms so varied and full of vitality, his harmonies so select, bold, and yet clear and transparent, that his works are not only the object of admiration, but of the most zealous study and imitation by the musicians of the present day, and will probably remain so for a long time to come.

Robert Schumann

TO Bach music owes almost as great a debt as a religion owes to its founder. . . . His 'Well-Tempered Clavichord' is my grammar, and is certainly the best. I have taken the fugues, one by one, and dissected them down to their minutest parts. The advantage of this is great, and seems to have a strengthening effect upon one's whole system; for Bach was a thorough man, all over; there is nothing sickly or stunted about him, and his works seem written for eternity.

A. Maczewski *Grove's 'Dictionary of Music'*

IN Johann Sebastian Bach centers the progressive development of the race of Bach, which had been advancing for years; in all the circumstances of life he proved himself to be at once the greatest and the most typical representative of the family. He stood, too, on the top step of the ladder; with him the vital forces of the race exhausted themselves, and further power of development stopped short.

All the family traits and qualities of the Bachs, which were handed on by natural disposition as well as education and tradition, stand out in Johann Sebastian with full decision and typical clearness:—a deeply religious sentiment which, though in many points closely approaching to the pietism then developing itself, yet adhered with a certain naïve severity to the traditional, orthodox family views; a truly wonderful moral force which, without any show, embraced the problem of life in its deepest sense; and a touching patriarchal spirit, which was satisfied with humble circumstances, rejoiced in the blessing of an unusually numerous family, and regarded the family life as the chief *raison d'être.* With and above all this there was an artistic striving, founded exclusively on ideal views, and directed with complete self-forgetfulness to ideal aims alone. His art and his family—those were the two poles around which Bach's life moved; outwardly simple, modest, insignificant; inwardly great, rich, and luxuriant in growth and production. He had a clear insight into his artistic mission; developed himself out of himself with a perfect unity of purpose, holding aloof from external influences in the field of art, but rather drawing them to himself and so appropriating them through the power of his genius as to mold them into a complete whole.

Bach's importance for the history of music lies in the fact that, starting with instrumental music, and adhering to the spirit of it, he developed all forms and species of composition in an entirely new and independent manner. The old vocal style, founded exclusively on polyphony, was exhausted. Bach created an entirely new vocal style based on instrumental principles, carried it to the summit of perfection, and there left it.

Bach's masterly counterpoint is generally spoken of as the special mark of his genius; but unapproachable as he is in this branch, his real power lies less in the almost inconceivable facility and dexterity with which he manages the complicated network of parts than in that formal conformation of the movements which resulted from this manner of writing. His melody, his harmony, and his periods all seem to be of one mold: an indestructible spirit of severe logic and unalterable conformity to law pervades the whole as well as the parts. These formal principles are governed, pervaded, and animated from first to last by the idea of the musical composition; so that the materials, though in themselves void of expression, become imbued with an inexhaustible depth of meaning, and produce infinite varieties of form. This wonderful unity of idea and formal construction gives the stamp of the true work of art to Bach's compositions, and explains the magical attraction which they exert on those who make them their earnest study.

THE WORKS OF BACH

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

THE compositions of Bach, in spite of a strong general family resemblance, may be divided into three fairly distinct groups, marked off one from another by differences of aim, method, and style. There are, in the first place, the purely religious works, grand and impersonal in expression, of august, imposing dimensions, and austere, or at the least uniformly elevated, in style. Such are the church cantatas, the masses, the "passions," and the great organ works—preludes, fugues, toccatas, and chorales. Then, in the second place, there are the works of more secular but still severe, noble style, the wonderful structures of intricate counterpoint of which Bach was such an unrivaled builder. These compositions are as much aimed at edification as the purely religious works; but they are more personal and human in accent, more various in mood, more "expressive," in the ordinary sense of that word. Such are the preludes and fugues of 'The Well-Tempered Clavichord,' 'The Art of Fugue,' and the 'Inventions.' Then, finally, there is the purely gay, joyous, colloquial Bach of the suites of dance-movements, of the sonatas for combinations of instruments, and of the orchestral suites. In such works Bach is frankly secular in expression, and is the forerunner of the Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven school. So marvelous is his versatility that he is almost, if not quite, equally great in all these three departments. Of the present selections, the seventh exemplifies the first style, the first and fifth illustrate the second, and the second, third, fourth, and sixth represent the third.

In all his work the purity of the style is very remarkable. So little does he depend on dramatic effects, so entirely on fundamental musical beauty, that a love for his music is an unfailing index of genuine taste. The simplicity, economy, and rectitude of his style are without doubt in large measure due to the influence of the usages and necessities of the vocal music which was, so to speak, his musical mother tongue. In vocal music, where every part represents a melody, complete in itself, there is necessarily the utmost purity of texture. There is no room in it for interpolated, inessential tones, put in, as in the modern harmonic style, merely to fill out, and without any melodic justification, any more than there is room in a line engraving for blotches and spots of messy color. Everything is essential, structural, indispensable; there is no surplusage, no dead matter, no flimsy makeshift or decoration. Another result of the vocal influence is the constant shift of interest from one part of the musical web to another. By no means is the melody always in one place, as it is so apt to be in modern music. In Bach melody is everywhere—the whole mass is made up of individual parts, each of which *sings*. Consequently, there is continual change and variety—here one part coming out, there another,

now louder, now softer, now hanging back in hesitation, now pressing forward with impetuous eloquence. Monotonous, sleepy playing is nowhere so inappropriate as in rendering Bach, for Bach is as full of color and light and life as a landscape on a day of breezes and light racing clouds. Every moment reveals a new interest and brings to light a fresh aspect.

The effect of Bach-playing on the technique of the pianist is most salutary. The constant singing of the various voices requires and persuades to a legato touch and a firmly controlled pressure of fingers and hands that develops strength as well as intelligence. The presence at one and the same time of important melodies at certain levels with subordinate ones at others demands of the player an independence of the fingers which at the same time it incites him to cultivate. The constant gradual increase and decrease of force in the total amount of pressure also develops perfect command over those dynamic variations on which so much of the effect of all music depends. And finally, the transparency of the fabric is such that no subterfuges for the disguise of incapacity are possible—either you play the notes written, or you fail to play them; hence a wholesome influence on technical sincerity. Thus in endless ways Bach-playing is the daily bread of the conscientious pianist.

I. Six Small Preludes

THESE small preludes are models of simple, fluent contrapuntal writing, at once masterly and charming. Nos. 1, 3, 5, and 6 are gay and dainty in feeling; Nos. 2 and 4 rather more charged with sentiment; all are instinct with grace. They require in the rendition a firm, steady legato, with constant unobtrusive changes of force, giving vitality to the expression. The hands should be held as quiet as possible, the fingers remaining always close to the keys.

II. Sarabande, Gavotte, and Gigue *From the Third English Suite*

THE suite, the most popular form of instrumental music in the eighteenth century, is composed of a series of dance-movements, all in the same key, but contrasting one with another in mood, rhythm, and general style. While less organic than the sonata, it is a highly artistic and serviceable form: in it the place of the slow, emotional movement in the sonata is filled by the dignified and impressive sarabande, and the sprightly animation of the finale is supplied by a gigue, or other rollicking dance. The six English Suites of Bach are so named, not because there is anything English in their character, but because they are supposed to have been written for an English patron.

Of the sarabande in general, Spitta says, "Its movement is quiet and solemn, suggesting Spanish haughtiness, and its tone is grave and calm."

This description applies very well to the present sarabande. With its stately, impressive rhythm, its harmonic richness, and its constantly unfolding melody, it is full of that pathos which it has been well said Bach introduced into music. Especial note should be taken of the beautiful singing melodies given to the bass in the third and fifth systems (double-staves). Throughout, this sarabande is full of grave but intense emotion.

What a contrast in the gavotte! Here all is sprightliness, grace, good cheer. The two parts, soprano and bass, trip along together like two happy children on an excursion. A satisfactory contrast is afforded by the short musette in G-major (page 25). Here the constantly droned G in the bass forms a sort of persistent ground, above which the other voices go through their evolutions. This part should be played softly, and with a good deal of pedal. After it the gavotte is repeated.

The gigue is sprightly too, but in a more frolicsome, abandoned way. What dash and spirit in its impulsive rush! Yet there is perfect musical science here too; note how the second half is composed upon an inversion, or turning upside down, of the theme of the first. In such cases as this Bach knows how to enlist all his technical skill in the service of irresponsible gaiety.

III. Gavotte and Bourrée — *From the Suites for Violoncello*

WITH its precise pulse and its bright, clear harmonies, this is a very charming gavotte. The exactitude of the balance of the phrases is such that in the hands of one less skilful there might arise a sense of obviousness and platitude; but Bach avoids this by the deftness and variety of his harmony, and by his unexpected little melodic turns. In the middle part, on page 29, there is a suggestion of the same droning effect we got in the musette of the gavotte in Selection II.

The bourrée is a lively old French dance in common time. Additional pungency is imparted to this bourrée by the frequent strong contrasts between loud and soft, which should be faithfully rendered. In the middle part, in G-minor, on page 31, great evenness and steadiness of touch is required; the tones should melt and flow, as it were, each one into the next. The section thus makes an effective contrast to the vigor and elasticity of the first part, which is repeated after it.

IV. Rondo-Gavotte — *From the Sixth Violin Sonata*

THIS is a gavotte because of its rhythm and general style, a rondo because, in form, it is a constant "coming around" to the initial idea. In expression, it is coy at the beginning, impressive, almost magniloquent at the end. All through, the insistence and preciseness of the meter is very fascinating. It should be played with well-defined accentuation, but with many subtle hesitancies and reluctant retardings.

V. Two Preludes and Fugues From 'The Well-Tempered Clavichord'

ONE of the most important services ever done to music was the introduction by Bach of the system of tuning which made possible free modulation through all the twelve keys, both in their major and their minor forms. It would be hard to exaggerate the import of this reform to the art. It was signalized and given practical form by the publication, in 1722, of 'The Well-Tempered Clavichord, or preludes and fugues in all the tones and semitones, both with the major third and with the minor third; for the use and practice of young musicians who desire to learn, as well as for those who are already skilled in this study, by way of amusement; made and composed by Johann Sebastian Bach, Kapellmeister to the Grand Duke of Anhalt-Cöthen and Director of his chamber-music.' By the addition to this epoch-making work, which contained only twenty-four preludes and fugues, of twenty-four more, at a later date, 'The Forty-eight,' as the work is often called, was completed. It might fitly be named 'The Musician's Bible,' so largely has it inspired all modern composers.

The moods of the preludes and fugues given in the selections are sharply contrasted. The prelude and fugue in A-flat major are rugged, strong, virile, and simple. The prelude and fugue in B-flat minor are infinitely pathetic, mournful, instinct with a profound yet noble melancholy. Other examples might be cited to show still other moods, for 'The Well-Tempered Clavichord' is a mine of expressive wealth; almost every conceivable shade of emotion is reflected in it. But these two examples will suffice at least to suggest the diversity and vitality of this wonderful music.

VI. Air for the G-string Arranged for Violin and Piano

IT is doubtful whether Bach, or for that matter any one else, ever wrote a lovelier melody than this one—so long, wide, deliberate, and flowing. The violin, with the peculiarly rich and appealing tone of its G-string, sings it steadily, with cumulative pathos and beauty, while the accompaniment adds other melodies here and there, fills out the harmony, and throughout marks the rhythm with that ceaseless march of the bass. These two pages are among the most permanent of the creations of pure music.

VII. Final Chorus From the 'St. Matthew Passion-music'

BACH wrote five settings of the story of the final scenes in the life of Christ, of which that from the gospel of St. Matthew is considered the finest. It closes with this grand music, sung by two choruses, antiphonally and in combination. It is impossible to conceive of anything more august, more stately, more profoundly impressive, or more entirely free from any unworthy

dramatic qualities of expression. It has the grandeur of Milton's poetry or the prose of Sir Thomas Browne. With its solid harmony, its expressive but simple, direct, melody, and its steady, relentless rhythm, it makes a fitting close for what will always be one of Bach's most widely admired works.

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I. SIX SMALL PRELUDES

Con moto. ♩.= 60
2
cresc.
cresc.
dimin.
p
cresc.
f
f
f
dim.
p
p
cresc.
f

Allegro. ♩.=72
3
p
cresc.
f
mf
cresc.
f
fr
mf
cresc.
f
p
cresc.
f

Allegretto quieto. ♩=92
4
p
cresc.
poco dim.
f
dim.
p
cresc.
f
decresc.
mf
cresc.
poco dim.
f
dim.

Allegro. ♩= 126
5
mf
cresc.
f
mf
f
p
cresc.
mf
cresc.
dimin.
f

Allegro. ♩.=80
6
f
p
cresc.
f
mf
f
mf
cresc.
f
1.
2.
f
p
cresc.
f
dimin.
p
cresc.
f
mf
f
mf
cresc.
f
1.
2.

II. SARABANDE, GAVOTTE, AND GIGUE

FROM THE THIRD ENGLISH SUITE

Molto allegro. ♩=100
2
f
p
f
p
1.
2.
mf
p
cresc.
f
f
dim.

L'istesso tempo.

Gavotte da capo

Molto allegro. ♩.=144
3
mf
mf
dim.
cresc.
f
dim.
p
psfz
cresc
f
dim.
cresc.
cresc.
f
mf
cresc.
mf

f
tr
tr
dim.
cresc.
f
dim.
p
cresc.
f
dim.
p
cresc.
f

III. GAVOTTE AND BOURRÉE

FROM THE SUITES FOR VIOLONCELLO

f
Fine.
legato
pp
1.
2.
cresc.
pp
p sempre
pp
(poco rit.)
1.
2.
D.C. al Fine
senza repetizione

Allegro moderato.
2
f
p
f
p
f
cresc.
ff
p
pp
1.
p

V. TWO PRELUDES AND FUGUES

FROM 'THE WELL-TEMPERED CLAVICHORD'

I

cresc.
f
f
sf
sf
tr
p
cresc.
f

Andante. ♩=60
p sempre legato e pesante
cresc.
f
dimin.
p
cresc.
f
fz
dimin.
p

cresc.
dimin.
p
p
cresc.
f
p
cresc.
f
ritard.
dimin.

V. TWO PRELUDES AND FUGUES

II

p
cresc.
f
fz dimin.
p
cresc.
f
sf
p
cresc.
f
ff
fz
dimin.
p
dim. e rallent.
pp

BACH

Lento. ♩= 60
mf
mf
p
cresc.
sf
sf
f
p
sf
sf
p
cresc.
f
sf
dimin.
cresc.
cresc.
sf
f

dimin.
p
cresc.
f
fr.
dimin.
p
cresc.
sf
dimin.
p
cresc.
ff
sf
sf
sf
dimin.
rallent.
p

VI. AIR FOR THE G-STRING

ARRANGED FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO

mf
p cresc.
f
cresc.
pp
dolce
fr
p cresc.
pp
f
p
f
pp
dim.
1.
a tempo
poco rit.
pp
2.
fr
molto rit.
pp
dim.
e
poco rit.
molto rit.
pp

VII. FINAL CHORUS

FROM THE 'ST. MATTHEW PASSION-MUSIC'

1.2. A - round Thy tomb etc.
pp
f
mf
1.
p
2.
1.2.
1. Long ye wea - - -
pp
f
mf
- ry limbs lie sleeping 2. Rest ye soft - ly, rest in peace 1. Long ye wea - - - -
p
mf
- ry limbs lie sleeping 2. Rest ye soft - ly rest in peace 1. This cold stone a -
p
mf
bove Thy head. Shall to ma - ny a careworn conscience Be a sweet re -

freshing pil - low Here the soul finds peaceful 2. Rest Thee soft - ly, soft - ly rest! 1. the soul
p
mf
finds peace - ful rest. Closed in bliss, bliss di - vine,
slum - - - - - - - ber now the wea - ry eyes.
p
f
p
pp
f
Chorus 1.2. A - round thy tomb here sit we weep - ing.
f

And mur - - - mur low, in tones sup - prest: 1.Rest Thee soft - ly soft - ly
p
pp
rest! 1.2.Rest Thee soft - ly, soft - ly rest!
f
mf
p
A - round Thy
pp
f
mf
tomb etc.
1.
2.
1.2.
p
pp
f
rit.

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BACH

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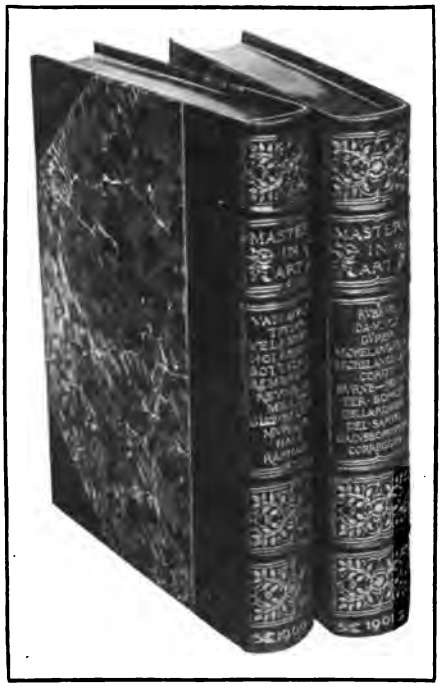

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